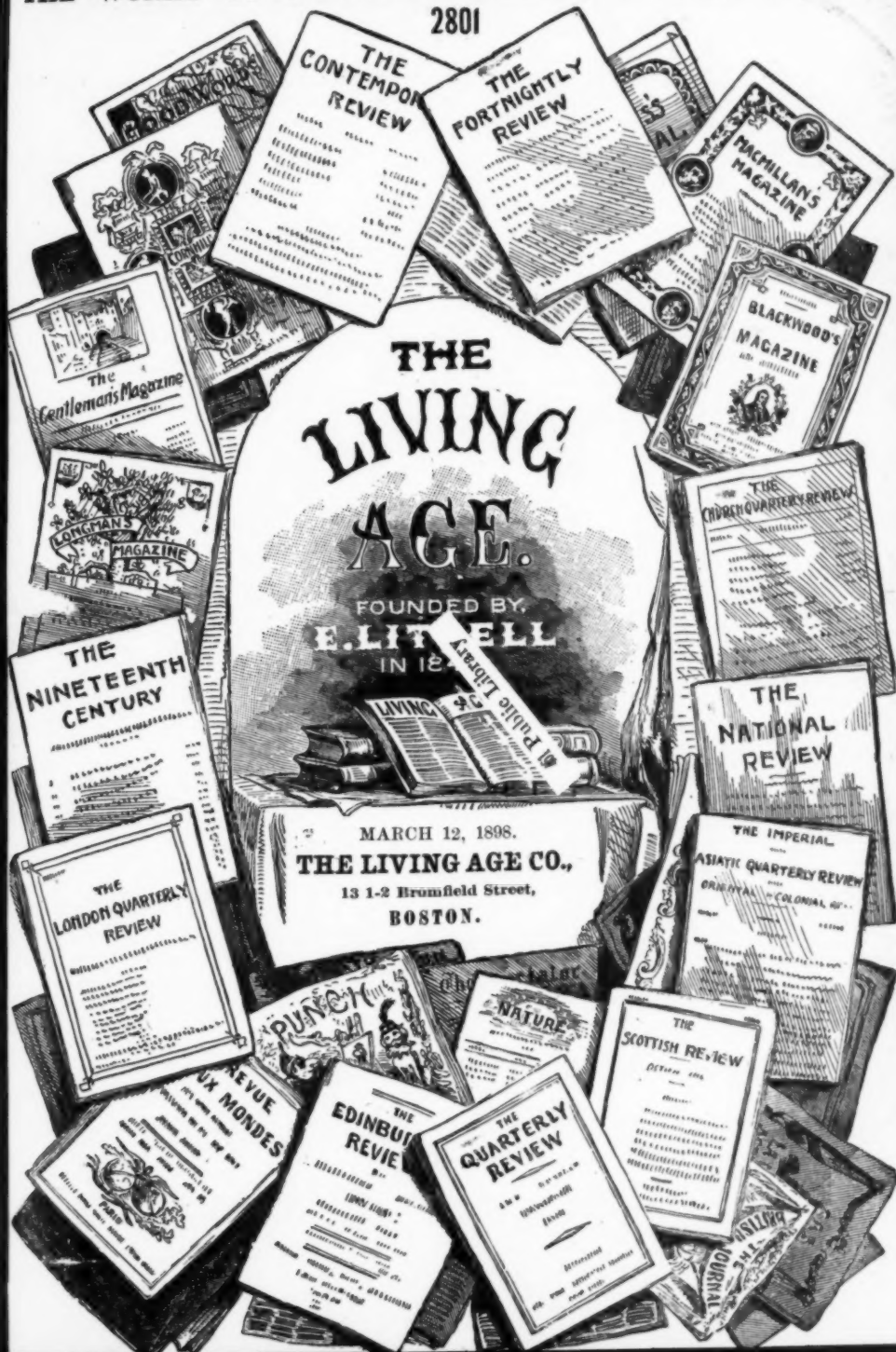


# THE WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING—Edinburgh Review.

2801



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# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series.  
Volume XVII.

No. 2801—March 12, 1898.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## THE MARCH FROSTS.

The little leaves that tip the trees  
 With palest greenery everywhere,  
 O, bitter nights, that blight and freeze,  
 And hurtling winds, and icy air,  
 Forbear! Forbear!  
 Have you no tenderness for these,  
 Nor any care?

No pity for the buds that break  
 And fringe the maples, rosy red,  
 The starting apple-sprays, that make  
 A silver fretwork overhead?  
 When these are dead—  
 How shall the April for their sake  
 Be comforted?

Oh, all my heart is full of pain!  
 The hurt they feel is hurt to me!  
 The helpless little leaves! I fain  
 Would cherish them so tenderly,  
 It might not be  
 Such cruel grief should fall again  
 On any tree!

I would that I could gently fold  
 Against my breast, for sheltering,  
 Each tiniest bud the peach-boughs hold,  
 And every gracious burgeoning  
 Of everything;  
 So fondling them, through frost and cold,  
 Until the spring!

EVALEEN STEIN.

## A LIFE-STORY.

"One day when I am growing tall and old,  
 And wise enough to wander where I  
 will,  
 Then I shall climb the height and find the  
 gold  
 That hides behind the hill!"

So thought a child, whose home was in the  
 vale,  
 Watching an amber sunset fade and  
 die,  
 Telling herself the children's endless tale  
 Of life's sweet by and by.

Years passed, Love came, she climbed the  
 height with him,  
 But only saw the glory in his gaze!  
 Earth was so bright, and heaven's gold so  
 dim

In those enchanted days!

More years went by, and she was all alone  
 In the sweet valley of her early past;  
 The dream came back, and faith in things  
 unshown  
 Was found again at last.

One eventide when she was grey and old,  
 And wise enough to know the Higher  
 Will,  
 She climbed the height, and then she  
 found the gold  
 That hides behind the hill.

Leisure Hour.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## EARTH TO EARTH.

Where the region grows without a lord,  
 Between the thickest emerald-stoled,  
 In the woodland bottom the virgin sward,  
 The cream of the earth, through depths  
 of mold  
 O'erflowing wells from secret cells,  
 While the moon and the sun keep watch  
 and ward,  
 And the ancient world is never old.

Here, alone, by the grass-green hearth  
 Tarry a little: the mood will come!  
 Feel your body a part of earth;  
 Rest and quicken your thought at home;  
 Take your ease with the brooding  
 trees;  
 Join in their deep-down silent mirth  
 The crumbling rock and the fertile loam.

Listen and watch! The wind will sing;  
 And the day go out by the western gate;  
 The night come up on her darkling wing;  
 And the stars with flaming torches wait.  
 Listen and see! And love and be  
 The day and the night and the world-wide  
 thing  
 Of strength and hope you contemplate.

No lofty Patron of Nature! No;  
 Nor a smirking Pharisee of Art!  
 But the friend and the mate of the high  
 and the low,  
 And the pal to take the vermin's part,  
 Your inmost thought divinely wrought,  
 In the grey earth of your brain aglow  
 With the red earth burning in your  
 heart.

Speaker.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE WORKS OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.<sup>1</sup>

What are we to include under the term "literature?" The dictionary-makers are somewhat devious in their definitions. Johnson, after his manner, is curt and comprehensive, but less logical than usual, in defining it as "learning; skill in letters;" seeing that "letters," as here used, is itself but a loose synonym for "literature;" and as to his first term, he is confounding receipts with expenditure, "learning" being obviously something acquired, "literature," whatever it is, something produced; so that dear old Sam comes out of it rather badly, though we have not the slightest doubt that he would have his answer ready if he could look over our shoulder. Worcester gives us the simple summary: "The results of learning, knowledge and imagination, preserved in writing;" by which definition a text-book on the steam engine would rank as literature. That will hardly do. Whitney (in the excellent American "Century Dictionary") goes more fully into the matter:—

*Literature:* The use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of facts, ideas or emotions by means of books or other modes of publication. . . . In a restricted sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connection with ideas of permanent and universal interest, are characteristic or essential features.

"Qualities" would be better than "features" (a dangerous word ever since the

days of Lord Castlereagh), but, nevertheless, Whitney, like "Number Two" in Master Hughes's fable, "must disceit—has distinguished," and that not without discretion; and by tabulating two grades or degrees in literature, he has provided for the recognition of many important books which one can hardly refuse to class as literature, and yet in which expression and form are not "characteristic and essential" qualities. As examples, one might name, perhaps, such books as Hallam's "Constitutional History" and "Wellington's Dispatches." It may be observed that for books to rank as literature in this outer circle, they must, as a general rule, have one or other of those qualities the combination of which is generally necessary to the inner or esoteric literature. Thus, to refer to the two books just mentioned, the "Constitutional History" has form—very carefully considered form—but no interest of expression. The "Wellington Dispatches" have plenty of expression, sometimes of a very piquant description, but they are deficient in literary or artistic form, which was not the business of their author. Our friend Whitney, however, has another and a very important suggestion for us—that the expression and form in the inner circle of literature should be "in connexion with ideas of permanent and universal interest." That would be scanned. What are "ideas of permanent and universal interest"? Strange to say, if we come to think of it, we shall have to dismiss from the schedule some of what are currently regarded as among the most serious objects of human contemplation. Not to theology can we look to furnish them; have we not the warning before us of our great English epic, weighted and disfigured by the frayed sackings of a worn-out theologic system flapping about it? Nor to science, though there are that fondly so dream; for the scientific facts of one age occupy the lumber-room of the next; science is the very goddess of mutability, and even in her contemporary strength appeals only to

<sup>1</sup> 1. Plain Tales from the Hills. Third edition. London: 1896.

2. Soldiers Three, and Other Stories. London: 1896.

3. Many Inventions. London: 1896.

4. Life's Handicap. London: 1897.

5. Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories. London: 1896.

6. The Light That Failed. London: 1896.

7. Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses. London: 1897.

8. The Seven Seas. London: 1897.

9. Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses. London and Calcutta: 1897.

10. The Jungle Book. London: 1894.

11. The Second Jungle Book. London: 1895.

12. Captains Courageous. London: 1897.

the intellect, and not to the heart. No: *Humani nil a me alienum* is the motto of literature; that which is of permanent and universal interest to man is man himself—his passions, trials, hopes, aspirations; his character and his humor, his laughter and his tears; and nature only as directly related to and influencing his own feelings in her simpler and more direct relation with his perceptions. This earth and the little but ever-absorbing game of life that is played out on it—that, after all, is our "permanent interest," and that is the food of poetry, along with the scenery which forms the background to the play. Literature has no call to inspect the machinery; she deals with the effects and the acting. She is not concerned with the movements and average collisions of the particles that are said to form the ring of Saturn, or with the canals of Mars, or the parallax of a Centauri; she prefers to contemplate the spectacle from her own point of view:—

In heaven's marge

Show Titan still, recumbent o'er his targe  
Solid with stars—the Centaur at his game  
Made tremulously out in hoary flame!<sup>1</sup>

The question, however, has been put in recent days, both practically and in criticism, whether literature dealing with human actions is called upon to select those which are of permanent and universal interest; whether form and expression are not in themselves sufficient for higher literature, independent of any high interest in the subjects treated; in other words, the principle of *l'art pour l'art* applied to literature. Did not M. Bourget preach this gospel the other day to an Oxford audience, and show them how, in "Madame Bovary," Flaubert had of choice and purpose selected a phase of life and action sordid, mean and revolting, for the express purpose of concentrating the reader's attention on the literary art displayed in treating it. That such a work is literature, and literature of the inner circle, may be

<sup>1</sup> Sordello.

admitted, but one may say of the art displayed what Johnson said of the art of mimicry: "It requires great powers, but it is putting them to a very low use." Then there is still another combination to be noticed: that in which perfect literary form and expression are devoted to the exposition of a subject or a thought pleasing in itself, but the inherent value of which is so slight as to be hardly worth consideration, and which merely serves as an excuse or occasion for play of literary art. This type of literary creation is hardly to be found in perfection, and the attempt at it is perhaps hardly excusable, except in poetry, the class of literature in which it need scarcely be said that form is of more importance than in any other type of literary production. There is a peculiar charm about this type of poem when handled by a really finished artist; it is such pure "play," so to speak; it appeals to our most delicate and cultured sense of form, without troubling or wrenching our feelings in any way; it will neither console us in grief nor uplift us in strife, to be sure; it is the mere recreation of a pleasant and unalloyed hour.

We may, therefore, in a comprehensive manner, classify books, from a literary point of view, as follows:—

1. *Not literature*: Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression.

2. *Outer circle of literature*: Books containing records of facts of general human interest, history, observation of life, etc., either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression.

3. *Inner circle of literature*: (a) Books dealing with facts or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (b) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest, but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression.

All poetry is included under the third heading, but not all verse. Poetry requires that the best word should be

used for expressing the idea to be conveyed; verse that comes into our second heading does not aspire to that degree of refinement; provided that the words are fairly expressive, and that the lilt of the verse is kept going, that is all that is aimed at. Versified narrative of this type has a value of its own. Only let it be remembered that it is not poetry, which implies the greatest attainable perfection of form and expression; and that its interest is only transient, while that of poetry is permanent.

In the second term of our classification we have inserted one sub-heading which has not been referred to before, in regard to books dealing with "observation of life," and that brings us to the main subject of this article, the contributions to our literature of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; for it is in regard to the nature and contents of a considerable proportion of his already numerous volumes that we felt that this additional heading in the classification was absolutely required in order to do him justice. For, of the many remarkable qualities in Mr. Kipling's publications, the most remarkable of all is the extraordinary faculty of observation which they display; observation of the manners and characters of various classes of men—Anglo-Indian society, native society in India, soldiers, seafaring men; observation of the details of construction of all kinds of things by land and sea, of military tactics and operations, of animals and their ways. Nothing he comes in contact with seems to escape his notice, and, while still a young man, he gives one the impression in his books of having lived two or three lives, and lived them pretty thoroughly. "*Chosra Vusa*" might be the general title for a great deal of his work; with the important addition that he not only sees things himself, but he makes the reader see them. As an instance of the vivid touch of reality which he gives to a description, one could name, perhaps, nothing better than the incident in the charming little Indian story called

"The Finances of the Gods" ("Life's Handicap"), where the money-lender heard the gods walking in the temple "in the darkness of the columns," and Shiv called to his son Ganesh to know what he had done about the lakh of rupees for the mendicant (Ganesh, or Ganesha, it will be remembered, is an elephant-headed deity); "and Ganesh woke, for the money-lender heard the dry rustle of his trunk unfolding." The realism of the incident quite startles the reader; Ganesh is no longer a Hindu myth; he is actually sitting there "in the darkness of the columns;" we have never been so close to a real Hindu deity before. Mr. Kipling's concern, however, is in general with things which are not supernatural, and so varied and so vividly conveyed is his information as to these, that he has by his sole observation and descriptions largely contributed to increase our general knowledge of what is done in the world, and the way it is done. Whatever new scene he visits, whatever new operation of men's hands he becomes acquainted with, he gives the impression that he has taken it all in, that not a detail has escaped him, and he brings it all before the reader in the most vivid and dramatic manner. As a spectacle of alertness of perception and vigor of descriptive power it is unique in English literature.

Mr. Kipling's prose works may be approximately classified under the heads of sketches of Anglo-Indian life and manners, sketches and stories of native Indian life, scenes of military life and of warfare, two or three stories which do not come under any of these heads, and "The Jungle Book," which may be said to form a class by itself. The poems it may be more convenient to consider separately. He first came before the English public with two small volumes, entitled "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Soldiers Three." Their success was immediate and unquestionable; every one recognized at once that here was a new writer, who had his own way of looking at things, and his own way of treating them; and pos-

sibly the fact that the "Plain Tales" professed to give an insight into the ways of Anglo-Indian society gave them an additional interest for those who had no connections in India and knew little of the country. Looking at the collection again now, one sees at once that the author has far surpassed most of the things in it in subsequent works, and that the tone of it is, for the most part, very cynical—one may, indeed, say ill-natured; a quality which probably counted for a good deal in its immediate success. It is not difficult to conclude that the impression conveyed in it as to the way our exiled compatriots spend their time on Indian stations must be taken with a good many grains of salt. No doubt a civilized society which forms a high-class caste by itself in a country where there is practically no middle-class of its own blood to criticise it, and where it is in the position of a dominant race ruling over an inferior one, is under the temptation to do what is right in its own eyes—or occasionally what is wrong—with greater freedom than a similar society at home would enjoy. On the other hand, it is not surprising that a man of genius, drawing pictures of said society from outside its barriers, should mix a little of the gall of bitterness with his ink. Mrs. Hauksbee, however, is an intelligible creation, and does credit, after her manner, to her inventor; and among sketches that have genuine humor of a pleasanter kind are "The Germ-Destroyer," "His Wedded Wife," and "Tods' Amendment."

The author's cynicism on the subject of Anglo-Indian life comes to a head in the story, cast in dramatic form, of "The Gadsbys," which appeared some little time later. Clever enough this is, but it is the kind of superficial cleverness of which one sees too much in the modern society drama, where the stage is occupied by personages whose aim in life seems to be to say unpleasant things to each other in a smart manner. Disagreeable as the story is, it has a moral of a kind (emphasized in a versified epilogue), to the effect that mar-

riage spoils a zealous officer; Captain Gadsby having come to think that life is now too precious to risk the loss of it in a *mêlée*, or even the remote chance of being ridden over by his column on parade if his horse should stumble. The scene in which he confesses this weakness to a brother-officer, who tries to argue it out of him, is the best-written and the least disagreeable. Is there anything in the moral? One may answer "Yes," for the sort of marriage among the sort of people described. We recall the expression of an Indian soldier of another stamp, Sir Thomas Seaton, who in 1839 had brought out a young wife from England, and had to leave her immediately to escort a convoy on what proved a terrible march across a desert plain under a burning sun, when water had failed them and his men were dying off on the road from thirst and exhaustion, and who records that during the horrors of that march, when he sometimes felt tempted to lie down and die, one of the chief influences that kept him up was "the thought that there was one far away, who, while sympathizing with his sufferings, eagerly desired to see her husband play the part of a man in the career which lay before him." The Gadsby moral looks poor enough after that; and, in fact, the whole production is vulgar in style and in tone from beginning to end; and possibly the author, who has lived to write better and healthier things since then, regrets it now.

Other stories connected with India present better morals than this; and one of the best qualities in Mr. Kipling's work is the serious and patriotic interest he evidently feels in the position of England in India, and his thorough belief in the greatness of his country, in spite of governmental and departmental weaknesses and blunders. In the way of a story which is at the same time a political criticism, he has done nothing better and more telling than the account of the very brief career of the Bengali deputy commissioner, emphasized in effect by the sketch, at



the commencement, of his English predecessor, Orde, who dies of fever while giving his last advice to the unruly tribesmen whom he had bullied and kept in order, and who mourned like children over his death. And then came wisdom in the person of "the greatest of all viceroys," deciding that it was time for the cultured native to be put forward, and appointing to the vacant office Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, M.A., who was "more English than the English," and conversed with his English second in command "of Oxford and 'home,' with much curious book-knowledge of bump suppers, cricket matches, hunting runs, and other unholy sports of the alien," and whose appointment was thus hailed in "The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette," published in Calcutta:—

Our beloved viceroy once more and again thus vindicating the potentialities of the Bengali nations for extended executive and administrative duties in foreign parts beyond our ken. We do not at all doubt that our excellent fellow-townsmen, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, Esq., M.A., will uphold the prestige of the Bengali, notwithstanding what underhand intrigue and *peshbundi* may be set on foot to insidiously nip his fame and blast his prospects among the proud civilians, some of which will now have to serve under a despised native, and take orders, too. How will you like that, misters? We entreat our beloved viceroy still to substantiate himself superiorly to race-prejudice and color blindness, and to allow the flower of this now *our* Civil Service all the full pays and allowances granted to his more fortunate brethren.

How "Mr. Dé, Esq.," was crumpled up at once by the uprising of the very tribes who had mourned the death of the Englishman who had kept them in order, and how he flung himself for protection and advice on his English subordinates, is graphically told, and is probably pretty fair prophesying. The time for these things is not yet, at all events. The constantly recurring domestic tragedy of the Indian-born child, sent home to grow up under unsympathetic care, is touchingly portrayed

in the history of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," in connection with which we may observe that the author's love for and sympathy with children, and understanding of their ways and feelings, is pleasantly evident over and over again in his works. Another domestic problem—perhaps one ought not to call it domestic—in the possible relations of the white man with the native woman is touched upon in the story of "Gorgie Porgie," and in another and pleasanter aspect in the beautiful though sad little idyl, "Without Benefit of Clergy," telling of the love of John Holden for the Indian girl who was bound to him by every tie of true affection, and whose figure is one of the most charming sketches in all these volumes. Yet, if poor little Ameera had not died, all their love could not have prevented her being a serious clog on any possible career for the man who loved her. So she evidently thought.

"Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine, and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee for ever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words close to his ear—"that there is no God—but thee, beloved."

Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him, till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain:—

"Is she dead, *Sahib*?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the house. For that will be mine. The *Sahib* does not mean to resume it?"

The story of "The Man that Was," one of those which has taken most hold on the public, and justly, for its dramatic and spirited style, is also concerned with more than mere story-telling, though the point does not appear till the end, when the Russian officer,

who had been so unfortunately candid in his cups, said "au revoir" to the English officers who saw their guest to the train, and "pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass." "Of course; happy to meet you, old man, any time you like," said "little Mildred," the big subaltern, humming to himself, as the train disappeared, a verse from a Simla burlesque:—

I am sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,  
I am sorry to cause him pain;  
But a terrible spree there's sure to be  
When he comes back again.

Many things may happen in the meantime, but a "terrible spree" there certainly will be if Dirkovitch comes back that way; with one of two results—either England will become a second-class power, or she will start on a new career of greatness.

If one does not like the tone of the social sketches in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and some others of the same kind which have followed them, there is no such complaint to be made against the military stories and the studies of barrack-room life and character. They are manly and healthy in tone throughout; the only complaint we make against them is the amount of chopped English and barrack-room *argot* that one has to wade through. But we must admit that we do not see how the author's immediate object—that of giving an impression of the soldier as he actually thinks and talks—could have been very well attained in dictionary language. That the picture is, in the main, a true one, we may feel pretty sure, for in regard to facts about military service and warfare, even military men (usually very sharp critics of civilian descriptions) seem to admit that Mr. Kipling's accuracy in details is extraordinary, and that he is hardly to be caught tripping anywhere; and, therefore, we may conclude that he has also pretty correctly appreciated the typical character of the private soldier, with whom he has evidently, whether for purposes of "copy" or otherwise, consorted on familiar terms. Private

Mulvaney is, for the general reader, a new and distinct creation in fiction; whether he can secure a place in literature is a question we will return to; but, in the meantime, he has certainly added to the gayety of nations. The general reader also gets quite a new idea, from some of the battle stories, of the realities of warfare. This has been done in the Erckmann-Chatrian stories, of course, to some extent, though in a more general manner, and with less attention to detail; and those who are interested in learning how battles are fought have had plenty of opportunity of acquiring this kind of knowledge in the numerous personal records of the American Civil War, which have been going on for years in some of the American magazines. But the general public do not read mere military records much; they only take these pills with the sugar of a good story, and that is where Erckmann-Chatrian and Mr. Kipling have succeeded. But there is the great difference between the two, that Mr. Kipling deals with Englishmen and with up-to-date warfare, and (which is far more important) that, while the French novelists wrote with the direct purpose of discrediting war, and there is a rather miserable whine of "I wish I were well out of it" running through their stories, Mr. Kipling glories in it—he is Tyrtæan; he asks one to believe that to rush into a cut-and-thrust *mêlée*, where your life is not worth a second's purchase, is a joy to be panted after. We have no space here for the proper digression on the morality of war; but we know which is the manlier feeling of the two, and which of the two authors we would rather our boys should read. As in other stories, Mr. Kipling throws out from time to time little criticisms and morals which are of wider significance than lies in mere story-telling. "Tis only a *dah* and a Snider that makes a dacoit," says Mulvaney; "widout thim he is a peaceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot." In the capital story of "The Taking of Lungtunpen," two of the men who are invited to strip, "an' swilm in where

glory waits," reply that they could not swim. "To think," said Mulvaney, "that I should live to hear that from a bhoy wid a board school edukashin. Take a lump of thimber, an' me an' Conolly here will ferry ye over, ye young ladies!" The importance of knowing how to deal with your foe is suggested in a telling passage in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," when the Afghans charged, led by fifty Ghazis, "half maddened with drugs, and wholly mad with religious fanaticism."

Anyone who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges; because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must in nine cases out of ten kill a man who has a lingering prejudice in favor of life. When they should have closed and gone forward, the Fore and Aft opened out and skirmished, and when they should have opened out and fired, they closed and waited.

There is a significant comment on the subsequent events, when the regiment had realized that "an Afghan attacked is far less formidable than an Afghan attacking"—"which fact old soldiers might have told them. But they had no old soldiers in their ranks." The story of the "Big drunk Draf," the home draft of men who had got out of all control of the young officer in charge of them till, under the inspiring advice of Mulvaney (now retired from the service and only in camp as a visitor), he broke the regulations and "pegged out" two of the most unruly men, "and bully-damned them down to the dock, till they could not call their souls their own," and was cheered by the men as they embarked, has also its practical moral. Over and over again we have the same wholesome gospel of the value of discipline and the respect felt for the strong man who does not shrink from enforcing it.

In regard to others of the miscellaneous stories, there are two that we would single out for special mention; one which every one knows—"In Flood

Time," the story told by the old native to the Englishman benighted on the bank of the flooded river, when "the boulders were talking in the bed of the river," and even Ram Pershad, the pearl of elephants, shook his head and came back when driven into it. This little story is quite a poem in prose; it could not be praised too highly; perhaps we feel its beauty and literary merit all the more because for once we get into a region wholly free from slang and colloquialisms. The other we refer to is less known than it should be; it was first published in the *Contemporary Review*, under the title "The Finest Story in the World," and is republished in *Many Inventions*. The author met with a bank clerk who had partial recollections, at intervals, of his pre-existence as a galley slave in a Greek trireme, and subsequently in a Norse galley, and comes out with them unexpectedly in conversation. He was on the lower deck in the trireme, where almost the only light came in through the oarholes, and where the oars were jammed back against the rowers, and shot up into the air, when another galley rammed them. There is plenty of detail of this description, and there is one detail which is significant of the way the author realizes in his own mind the situations he describes: there was a raised gangway down the centre of the galley, above the level of the rowing floor, for the overseer to walk up and down, "and a rope running overhead, looped to the upper deck, for him to catch hold of when the ship rolls." How many writers, if they began to imagine such a story at all, would have thought of that little practical necessity? But Mr. Kipling is as much at home on the sea as in barracks. Unfortunately, the bank clerk's recollections of past states of existence were untimely quenched by the more powerful influence of his love for a pretty assistant in a tobaccoist's shop, and so "the finest story in the world" remains in a fragmentary state. But what there is of it was well worth having, and suggests a direction in which Mr. Kipling's

imaginative power might find further exercise.

One cannot quit the miscellaneous stories without a warning against the pitfall of sensationalism into which the author has been tempted in some of them, and which is one of the natural results of writing too much and too fast. Once let a writer, even of genius, take to writing "shockers," and find that he succeeds in producing the shock, and there is the temptation to repeat the experiment, partly from the feeling that his readers will look for more of the same kind of excitement; and this kind of thing, both to author and public, is like dram-drinking: the dose has to be continually strengthened to keep up the effect. "The Mark of the Beast" and "The Return of Imray" are "shockers" of an exaggerated and pernicious stamp, and even fail in their effect, as such, because they pass our bounds of credence; and the horrible story of "Bertram and Biml," though its power cannot be denied, is a kind of thing that ought never to have been written—a story that a man who had read it would probably warn his wife against reading, lest she should get an image of horror into her brain which she could never get rid of. This is nightmare literature. The short story which succeeds it in "Life's Handicap," told by the same stolid German, of "Reingelder and the German Flag," is, on the other hand, an admirable piece of grotesque humor, and another example of Mr. Kipling's quickness of observation. It is a delightful study of the stolid egotism of the middle-class German *savant*, with his assumption that every one is ignorant beside himself: "Dis was in Uruguay, which is in Amerique—North or Sout' you would not know." "Yates was a crate authorité ubon der reptilla of Sout' Amerique. He haf written a book. You do not know, of course, but he vas a crate authorité." It is a very slight sketch, hardly to call a story, but it is excellent as far as it goes.

The only two stories of any length which the author has produced as sep-

arate publications are "The Light that Failed," and his most recent work, "Captains Courageous." "The Light that Failed" has been rather overrated. It is hardly a story so much as a succession of scenes and conversations, mostly among pressmen and newspaper correspondents, who talk entirely in slang of the most audacious type, and seems to have been intended partly as a vehicle for conveying the writer's opinions on art and society, for it is pretty evident that the hero of the story is to a great extent the author's mouth-piece. There are brilliant pages in it, but we should say that little trouble went to the writing of it, and that it is flung together rather than composed. The redeeming portions of the book are the two scenes between Dick and Maisie on the shore at Fort Keeling; the first one where, as children, they first get the notion of being in love with each other; the second, where Dick beguiled Maisie, now an independent young woman working in her own studio, on that defiantly unconventional Sunday excursion to the same place, in the vain thought that the old associations of the scene would assist him in the effort to awaken the love which he had grown to regard as the one thing worth living for. The waste coast scene, with the wind shrilling across it, peopled by only these two figures, makes a picture that remains in the memory; and Dick's description of the glories of the earth, as an inducement to Maisie to come with him "and see what the world is really like," is fine.

"I know such little heavens that I could take you to—islands tucked away under the Line. You sight them after crashing for weeks through water as black as black marble, because it is so deep, and you sit in the forechains day after day and see the sun rise, almost afraid because the sea is so lonely."

"I don't quite like that place. It sounds lazy; tell me another."

"What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw green aloe growing between the stones,

lying out neglected on honey-colored sands? There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces, and streets, and shops, and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee grey squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the market-place, and a jewelled peacock struts out of a carved doorway and spreads its tail against a marble screen as finely pierced as point lace."

"And more of it—and more of it," as Pippa says. Highly characteristic, too, is Dick's change of interest when the beating of a screw-steamer is heard, and Maisie, as ignorant as most people about nautical matters, on her sending up a rocket, asks if it is a wreck:—

"Wreck! What nonsense! She's only reporting herself. Red rocket forward—there's a green light aft now, and two red rockets from the bridge."

"What does that mean?"

"It is the signal of the Cross Keys line, running to Australia. I wonder which steamer it is." The note of his voice had changed; he seemed to be talking to himself, and Maisie did not approve of it. The moonlight broke the haze for a moment, touching the black sides of a long steamer working down Channel. "Four masts and three funnels—she's in deep draught, too. That must be the Barralong, or the Bhutia. No, the Bhutia has a clipper bow. It's the Barralong, to Australia. She'll lift the Southern Cross in a week—lucky old tub!—oh, lucky old tub!"

We have quoted this because it is so characteristic of the author—of that keen interest which notes every class of fact, and how everything is done. Mr. Kipling is, in fact, reading the public a constant lesson on the philosophy of "eyes and no eyes." One can understand the contempt which he expresses somewhere for the kind of first-class passenger who asks what makes the cranks go round, and whether the stoke-hole is hot.

"The Light that Failed," however, is not a book in the proper sense. "Captains Courageous" is a far more satis-

factory performance. The author has apparently been having some experience among a cod-fishing fleet off the North American coast, and as all is fish that comes to his net, he has shaped his experiences into a story which, though there is none of the tragic element that comes into "The Light that Failed," is a much better written book, and is governed by a distinct plan and motive. Harvey Cheyne, an exceedingly disagreeable specimen of a spoiled American boy of sixteen, the only son of a millionaire, and whose possible future development has already given his father much anxiety, contrives to let himself fall overboard from a liner, and is picked up half-drowned by the boat of the "We're Here" fishing schooner, whose rough skipper does not believe his statement about unlimited money to be gained by taking him to New York, says he cannot leave his fishing for four months, and knocks Harvey down for a defiant demeanor, excusable under the circumstances, but which the skipper regards merely as innate and gratuitous "cheek." Finally, Harvey is given no choice but wages and work, dons a seaman's costume, gradually learns his work and the management of boats, and when, at the close of the fishing season, he at last gets ashore again and his sorrowing parents are telegraphed for, they find the indolent, weakly, self-indulgent, loafing boy transformed into a strong, healthy lad, full of energy, proud of his work and of his newly acquired knowledge of seamanship, and with the highest admiration for the rough but clever and honest skipper, Disko Troop. There is a terrible amount of fishing-fleet vernacular to wade through in the book, but the whole description of the sea-life and Harvey's gradual acquaintance with it is most vividly told; there is a salt-sea smell about it all, and we even seem to get the feeling of everything being on the swing with the movement of the water. On the voyage for port, when there was no fishing,

Harvey had time to look at the sea

from another point of view. The low-sided schooner was naturally on most intimate terms with her surroundings. They saw little of the horizon, save when she topped a swell; and usually she was elbowing, fidgeting and coaxing her steadfast way through grey, grey-blue or black hollows laced across and across with streaks of shivering foam, or rubbing herself caressingly along the flank of some bigger water-hill. It was as if she said, "You won't hurt me, surely? I'm only the little 'We're Here.'" Then she would slide away, chuckling softly to herself, till she was brought up by some fresh obstacle. The dullest of folk cannot see this kind of thing hour after hour through long days without noticing it; and Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat, square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a doughnut from the cook.

Another remarkable passage is the description of the sudden breaking of the water over the "Virgin" rock around which the fleet were anchored (we do not quite gather whether the true name of the rock is given, but we have no doubt the incident is from observation)—a large expanse of rock just near enough to the surface to cause breakers, when there was a sufficient swell to catch a check from the submerged mass, a phenomenon which, in certain conditions of weather, seems to recur at nearly regular intervals, in accordance with that curious second rhythm which actuates the movements of sea water, over and above the more visible rhythm of the ordinary waves. One of the dories (the American name for a type of small boat used as a tender on

the fishing craft), out of mere bravado, hauled on her line close up to the rock, some calling to them to come away, others daring them to stay:—

It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence, till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

"Can't ye hear it knocking?" he cried. "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious and ghastly, over the shoal sea.

How well that is told! We seem almost to feel the ominous dull shock of the interrupted swell below the surface, which preceded the outbreak. The effect of the book, we may add, is assisted by Mr. Taber's slightly sketched but clever illustrations, which are full of movement and swing. Barring the vernacular, of which there is a little too much for our taste, it is a fine and healthy book for boys of all ages from eight to eighty, and one of the best things its author has done.

But of all Mr. Kipling's works, "The Jungle Book," in two series, is the most remarkable and original, and the one which, so far, offers the best promise of retaining a permanent place in our literature. The idea of making animals talk is no doubt as old as our old friend Æsop, and older for all we know; but it has generally been used only to make animals talk as men might talk if they were changed into beasts, retaining their human intelligence; like Landseer's dogs which have human expressions. But Mr. Kipling has gone far beyond that. He has attempted nothing less than to project himself, in imagination, into the beast mind, to put things as beasts might put them had they the faculty of intelligible expression. The imaginative power which he has brought to this task is really extraordinary; how extraordinary we do not become fully aware till we come to



those passages, here and there, in which human speakers intervene in the story, as the father and mother and child do in the narrative of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose. Then we are almost startled in the manner in which the human speech seems to come from another world, and we feel that we have actually been in the animal world without fully realizing the fact. The individuality of the animals is admirably kept up; the author has stamped their characters and names on them; we shall always think of the tiger as "Shere Khan," and of the black panther as "Bagheera." The rules and laws among the animals as to hunting and killing impress one as what might really exist in some crude but understood form among them; and, indeed, the "water truce," when the drought became such as to nearly dry the river and make water scarce, may almost be said to be founded on fact. The animal idea of fire as "the red flower," of the rifle-bullet as "the stinging fly that comes out of the white smoke," of spring as "the time of new talk," are all remarkable instances of the author's power of putting himself, in imagination, in the place of the brute mind with its "dim-eyed understanding," as Morris expresses it in "Sigurd." Mowgli, the wolf-reared child of man, brought up in the ways of the animals, but with the undeveloped possibilities of human understanding within him, is also a remarkable creation, the centre round which the whole story turns. And it is worth note that the "Second Jungle Book" is even better than the first; a very rare event in the case of a new idea of this kind, where we so often find the second series a rather weak and perfunctory continuation of an idea already worked out, and carried on merely because the first book had been a success. The description of the year of drought in the opening of the "Second Jungle Book," and the gradual shrinking of the river, and the crowd of animals looking for water, is given with picturesque force, and there is one passage which is very remark-

able, and the point of which might escape a hasty reader, for no special attention is drawn to it; but it is really an answer to the ever-recurring criticism on the cruelty of the disposition of things whereby one animal preys on another as its food:—

In good seasons, when water was plentiful, those who came down to drink at the Waingunga—or anywhere else, for that matter—did so at the risk of their lives, and that risk made no small part of the fascination of the night's doings. To move down so cunningly that never a leaf stirred; to wade knee-deep in the roaring shallows that drown all noise from behind; to drink, looking backward over one's shoulder, every muscle ready for the first desperate bound of keen terror; to roll on the sandy margin, and return, wet-muzzled and well plumped out, to the admiring herd, was a thing that all glossy-horned young bucks took a delight in, precisely because they knew that at any moment Bagheera or Shere Khan might leap upon them and bear them down. But now that life-and-death fear was ended, and the jungle people came up, starved and weary, to the shrunken river—tiger, bear, deer, buffalo and pig together—drank the fouled waters, and hung above them, too exhausted to move off.

This is indeed to "justify the ways of God to man." Is it possible that, after all, killing and being killed is an ordinance which makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number in animal life? It may be so. Mr. Selous, indeed, says that the agonized bellow of an unhappy ox chased and caught by a lion is "a powerful appeal against the cold cruelty of nature's inexorable laws;" but he appears to have been referring especially to the case of a domesticated animal, a draught ox chased and killed out of his camp, and there may be all the difference between that and a wild animal, which has been all its life in expectation of being killed in that kind of manner. We remember hearing a criticism on the scheme of creation based on a picture, in a book of African sport, of three lions hanging upon and clawing at one buffalo, which

was trying to struggle away from its executioners; and the reply by another speaker, that as it was evidently fine fun for the lions, and they were three to one, the beneficence of creation was fully vindicated. But Mr. Kipling's suggestion, that the watching, and the caution, and the fear of being sprung upon and eaten, is really a part of the excitement of wild animal life, and that things seemed rather flat when it was intermitted, is much more far-reaching and comprehensive, and strikes us as a very remarkable and original suggestion, and one which, for aught we can tell, may be true. But one of the finest chapters of all in the "Jungle Book" is "The Undertakers," the conversation of the old Mugger, the crocodile, with the adjutant and the jackal. There is a ghastly fascination in the Mugger's account of the wiles with which he circumvented the human beings who were his favorite prey, and of his crude observation of the events which might lead people to come within his reach. "Is a maiden going to be married? The old Mugger knows, for he sees the men carry gifts back and forth; and she, too, comes down to the Ghaut to bathe before her wedding, and—he is there. Has the river changed its channel and made new land where there was only sand before? The Mugger knows," as indeed we have no doubt he does. A tragic human interest is skilfully woven into the story by the connection of the Mugger's operations with some of the occasions when events caused an unusual number of dead bodies to come down the river. The whole thing is wonderfully well told, with a touch of grim humor imparted to it by the entire persuasion on the part of the Mugger of his own intense respectability.

To some of Mr. Kipling's poems and verses (a distinction to be drawn) we have briefly referred before, especially to that splendid effusion, "L'Envol," at the close of the first "Barrack-room Ballads" volume. "Departmental Ditties" is of only passing interest, being, in fact, a bunch of little Anglo-Indian social and official sketches, like "Plain

Tales from the Hills" in a shorthand form, the only one with a serious power about it being the short reflection on the sending of Jack Barrett to Quetta, and the probable consequences to someone at the day of judgment; a fine little bit of indignation and hard-hitting in a concentrated form. The "Barrack-room Ballads," some of them, at least, have gone round the world, and some lines out of them have already passed almost into proverbial expressions; it must be admitted, however, that they are very unequal, and some of them are little more than a jingle of what we must suppose is barrack-room slang done into rhyme—more rhyme than reason. Among those which have a really fine and heroic spirit in them are "Tommy," "Fuzzy-wuzzy," and "Route Marching," the swing and tramp of which latter is quite infectious:—

Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've  
 'eard the bugle blowed,  
 There's a regiment a-coming down the  
 grand Trunk Road,  
 With its best foot first,  
 And the road a sliding past—etc.

But whether these might not have been made just as effective in correct English as in broken language and slang is a question to be asked. Among those which have a pathetic interest is "The Widow's Party," where, for once, the author has rather joined hands with Ereckmann-Chatrian:—

They called us out of the barrack-yard  
 To Gawd knows where from Gosport  
 Hard,  
 And you can't refuse when you get the  
 card,  
 And the Widow gives the party.

What was the end of all the show,  
 Johnnie, Johnnie?  
 Ask my Colonel, for I don't know:<sup>1</sup>  
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

We broke a king and we built a road—  
 A court-house stands where the reg'ment  
 goed,

<sup>1</sup> "They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do some hing, they did not know what" (The Light that Failed).

And the river's clean where the raw blood  
flowed,  
When the Widow give the party.

"Gentlemen Rankers" is another of real pathos, and, it is to be feared, too true a picture. In two of the ballads, the author rises to real poetry—"Ford o' Kabul River," where the first two lines—

Kabul town's by Kabul river—  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword,

ring like one of Scott's verse-tags at the head of a Waverley novel chapter; and "Mandalay," which is a wonderful song of the fascination of the East, culminating in a line of startling power:—

An' the dawn comes up like thunder out  
of China 'crost the bay;

an expression of real inspiration, which seems to sum up in one word the might of the rapid, fierce, tropical dawn. Unfortunately, as in some other cases, a really fine poem is marred by a coarseness of expression in one or two places—coarseness in a literary sense, we mean. Among the more recent barrack-room ballads included in the "Seven Seas" volume, and mostly very inferior to the first set, there is one, however, which deals forcibly with a subject of national importance—the one entitled "Back to the Army Again," of which the concluding verse sums up the situation:—

A man that's too good to be lost you,  
A man that is 'andled and made—  
A man that will pay what 'e cost you  
In leearnin' the others their trade—  
parade!<sup>1</sup>  
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army  
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,  
But drives 'em to cheat<sup>2</sup> to get out o' the  
street,  
An' back to the Army again!

<sup>1</sup> We confess we do not see the point of this metrically superfluous word inserted.

<sup>2</sup> *I. e.*, by enlisting again under a false name. There is a couplet in a previous verse which is worth quotation:—

"A man o' four-and-twenty that 'asn't learned of  
a trade,  
Beside ' Reserve 'agin 'im—'e'd better be never  
made."

And now to sum up, and to return to our initial position: What place does all this extraordinary wealth of material take as literature? We put this point forward especially because Mr. Kipling has challenged the world on the subject in that remarkable bit of criticism of his critics, "The Conundrum of the Workshops," with its pungent refrain, "It's clever, but is it art?" His case is more fully stated in a passage in "The Light that Failed." The hero of the book had painted a picture of a soldier, under the title, "His Last Shot," and made him "a flushed, dishevelled, be-devilled scallawag, with the helmet at the back of his head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man." It was for a facsimile reproduction in a weekly paper:—

Then the Art-manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent—man being naturally gentle when fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an Art-manager. I took my "Last Shot" back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots; observe the high-light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipe-clayed his helmet—pipe-clay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank Heaven! twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent.

Now, as Mr. Kipling must know well enough that this is not applicable to the feeling about painting at the present day (which is, in fact, all in favor of realism in the treatment of subjects of contemporary life), it is evident that the criticism is intended to refer to his own literary pictures of soldier life; and our reply would be that—although in a

sense it is justifiable, and he has, on this realistic method, succeeded in giving pictures of military life and warfare which, though occasionally somewhat brutal, are far more truthful and genuine than the ordinary high-herculean fiction that we have been too much accustomed to—nevertheless, the interest of such pictures is rather transient than permanent; that they deal with the manners and the circumstances of the moment, and not with ideas that are "of permanent and universal interest," and therefore that, on that ground alone, they can only be classed in the outer circle of our scheme of literature: as "observation of life," carried out with a good deal of power of expression, but deficient in literary form. And, as a matter of detail, it may be questioned, also, whether compositions dealing so largely in slang and colloquialisms can ever hope to take a permanent place in literature, however dramatically expressive they may be for the immediate purpose.

Literature, in the best sense, demands not only the best thoughts, but the best language; its influence should be to purify and raise, and amplify, if you like, our national language, but not to corrupt and debase it. The passion for realism among such authors as Stevenson and his coadjutor, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, and Mr. Kipling, together with the desire for new material gathered from the lower strata of human life, has familiarized us in books with forms of slang such as formerly were hardly even known to educated persons in ordinary conversation; and if things go on as they are, such vulgar expletives as "blooming" and "bally" will, in a few years, become dictionary words. Those who assist in bringing about such a bathos of literary language will hardly have deserved well of their country. And, apart from the question of slang, such sketches of the superficial manners and talk of the society of the day as are put before us in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and in other analogous essays, however clever and brilliant, form only amusing reading

for contemporaries; they have no lasting interest; they do not depict human nature, but only class manners, behavior and character, which are not the object of "permanent and universal interest." Every now and then the author has risen above this level, and has shown that he has it in him to deal with the pathos and the humor of life in a broader spirit and from a higher point of view; but his excursions into these higher regions are few and transitory. They are sufficient to justify the idea that he might, if he gave his best mind to it, produce a novel of modern life equal to the novels of Thackeray; but he has shown no disposition to make the effort, and, in spite of his own protest in "The Light that Failed" (page 118), he has, to a great extent, been frittering away his remarkable and exceptional powers in playing to the gallery.

When we come to poetry, the evil and destructive influence of slang and colloquialism is even more apparent, more rampantly active, than in prose composition. Noble and beautiful poetry has been written in dialect, no doubt, by poets to whom that dialect was their natural speech; but many people do not seem to realize the gulf which, in regard to literature, and poetical literature above all, separates dialect from slang. Dialect is a natural Doric simplicity of language, the spontaneous growth of societies living a simple life and separated from the higher culture of their time, as wild flowers are the natural growth of the hedgerows. Slang is a deliberately concocted corruption and debasement of language, the offspring, not of simplicity, but of vulgarity of mind. And as poetry, above all other forms of literature, is essentially the best expression of a thought, such debasement of language is more especially out of keeping with the object of poetry; and poetry (or verse) in which slang predominates, though it may be piquant reading for the moment, can never retain a permanent place in literature, at all events in the inner circle. Then there is the

question of perfection of form and concentration of expression, about which Mr. Kipling is woefully careless in poems which contain really fine and original thoughts. We have heard much admiration expressed for "Tomlinson," the episode of the man who could not be damned because there was nothing to damn, Tomlinson's good or evil consisting alike only of hearsay and book-learning, which had never blossomed into action. The idea is, no doubt, a striking one, and there are powerful passages here and there in the poem, but as a whole it is what we call splat-terdash writing. "McAndrew's Hymn" lies under the same condemnation. With the feeling that the great marine engines and their dour driver were worth a poet, and that there is a romance in them, we sympathize fully; and it is spirited writing, and worth reading, but not worth a permanent place on the shelf; it is too lengthy and too carelessly written to hold its ground as poetry; it has called out attention to the interest and possible romance of a phase of life which had been overlooked by most of us, but with that its work is done. That Mr. Kipling can rise to the higher level of poetry, he has shown us every now and then in such poems as "L'Envoi," and "Kabul Town," and "The Legend of Evil" (first section), and "Mandalay," and that grand little poem, "Lest we forget," which a short time since sent a thrill through the length and breadth of England. And perhaps the glorious racket of "The Bolivar" and the chivalrous climax of "East and West" may avail to keep alive such comparatively short poems, in spite of roughness of style and execution. But, taking his verse compositions altogether, one may say that the author has just let us see that he might be a poet if he would, but has done but little yet towards a serious achievement of the position.

To conclude: The question for Mr. Kipling to consider is whether he wishes for a future in literature, or whether he is content to interest himself and us by brilliant and piquant

studies of episodes in life and nature. If he wishes for future fame, for a permanent place in the world's library, we believe he has it within his choice, if he would go to work seriously and aim at giving us his best, instead of being content to please and interest us for the moment. If he prefers the latter way of expending his genius, his own generation may have no reason to complain—it is a most brilliant variety entertainment, and never seems to flag for a moment; but in that case, future generations will not hear much of him, unless it may be in this way—that with his varied interest in life and his ubiquitous habits he has, perhaps, the best chance of all men living of ultimately becoming a Solar Myth.

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From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
THE RECENT MOVE OF GERMANY IN  
THE EAST.

The half-amused impression first produced by the discourses delivered at Kiel is passing away, and men begin to suspect that something serious may lurk under their extravagant rhetoric. It would not be quite fair, perhaps, to judge the Emperor William by his oratorical efforts. He talks like a knight of the Round Table, which rather takes one's breath away, in these last years of the nineteenth century; but he acts like an extremely modern man absorbed in the interests of the day and understanding them very well, conforming to them adroitly, subserving them and making them subserve himself. History has produced few characters so complex and inexplicable. The man is an amalgam, with something in him of each and all of his ancestors, from the mystic, prone to equivocal effusions, down to the most practical and hard-headed of those sovereigns who have made the interests of the State paramount to all others, and have rarely blundered in shaping their course thereby. These faculties are all intensified in the Emperor William, though not to the point of throw-

ing him off his balance. But, however lavish of outward manifestations, the man is one whose innermost psychology defies analysis. He is interesting and disconcerting. He condemns those who watch him to a waiting policy. One cannot yet foresee one's final judgment of him. It will depend, no doubt, on the thousand and one circumstances which escape human foresight, which may either justify or condemn a line of action, vindicate our own sagacity or invalidate it, and which introduce into history so large an element of chance.

Nothing was lacking to the performance at Kiel but Wagner's music. The two spokesmen, the Emperor William and Prince Henry of Prussia, talked exactly like chevaliers of the Holy Grail. It would not materially have increased the surprise of the audience to see them suddenly snatched away by a swan or a dove or any other bird consecrated in the mythology of the uttermost north. But, as a matter of fact, the ironclads and cruisers with which Prince Henry departs are furnished with the latest improvements, while the emperor detained ashore by his own grandeur goes back to business, and continues to conduct his affairs in a spirit more realistic than romantic. Never, perhaps, was the disparity between his words and his actions more striking. We may quote his words, inasmuch as they have been published in all the newspapers. With what an accent of emotion he represented before the Diet the dangers to which his brother would be exposed in China! These dangers had been regarded as more or less imaginary, and the emperor's own mind must soon have been relieved about them, because when the time came for bidding his brother good-bye at Kiel, he was thinking only of those which threatened "the enemy." But what enemy? We shall know later. "The squadron reinforced by your division," says the emperor, "will act as the symbol of imperial and maritime power, while living on friendly terms with all the crews of the other foreign fleets stationed in those waters. Its aim will be

to protect the interests of the fatherland against all who cherish hostile designs against a single German subject. Let every European in the East, and every German merchant, and above all, every foreigner whose country we visit, understand that the German Michael sets his eagle-shield firmly down, and grants protection once for all, to all who seek it!" "Ask, and ye shall receive;" on this point, at least, the new gospel is identical with the old. Germany offers protection to all who want it. There has been nothing like it since the days of the illustrious Knight of La Mancha. However, these again are words, and it is deeds that signify. "Let our compatriots in those parts," the emperor goes on, "be perfectly assured that whatever their condition, be they priests or traders, the protection of the German empire, through the instrumentality of the imperial navy, will be accorded them in the most efficient manner. If any man dares impugn our right, smite him with your iron gauntlet! He will wreathe your young brow, please God! with laurels which none will envy you, throughout the length and breadth of the German empire." If Prince Henry had apprehended jealousy in an august quarter, he must have been completely reassured; and so he evidently was, for his reply to his imperial brother was almost lyrical. "We were reared," he cried, "as children together, and now, grown to manhood, it is our privilege to be able to look one another in the eye, and to remain faithful each to each. The imperial crown has been, for your Majesty, a crown of thorns. . . . I understand your Majesty's thought:—I know what a sacrifice your Majesty makes in entrusting this grand expedition to my command, and I am exceedingly touched by it. I am profoundly grateful for the trust reposed in my feeble person, and I can assure your Majesty that it is not glory nor laurels that tempt me, but the longing to preach, in a foreign land, the gospel of your Majesty's sacred person 'whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.' "

This will suffice to give a correct if



not a complete idea of these two speeches which have produced a vivid impression all over Europe, mingled with embarrassment in Germany itself, and with amazement everywhere else. In England the excitement knew no bounds. "The question has often been asked," said the *Times*, "whether the Germans have a sense of humor. That question must once for all be answered in the negative, if the pompous utterances of Kiel do not provoke a smile throughout Germany." And if the speeches made at Kiel are to be taken literally, they do, no doubt, afford matter for amusement, but we are by no means sure that even the English will not see cause, upon reflection, to reconsider their own judgment. There are weightier passages in the imperial harangue than those we have just quoted, and couched in language both stronger and more sober. The emperor reviews the history of German commerce, carrying it up to the days of the Hanseatic league, which he describes as "one of the most majestic enterprises the world has ever seen." What has hindered its uninterrupted prosperity in succeeding ages? The lack of imperial protection. This has been the trouble, but there is to be no such lack, William tells us, in the future. "The German empire has been created; German commerce flourishes and is constantly extending, but its utmost development can only be assured by a sense of security due to imperial patronage. Now imperial power means power both by land and sea. The one is indispensable to the other." And this is why the German Michael, *alias* Prince Henry of Prussia, is to set his shield firmly down upon the Chinese coast, and stand proudly by, shaking his iron gauntlet. The end aimed at is less chivalrous and more practical than might have seemed at the first blush. German commerce has received a mighty puff, and is to be sustained, if need be, by force. Is this what Prince Henry went to explain to his grandmother Queen Victoria? Did he reassure her about the enterprise, and get her promise not to oppose it, and is it quite certain that the imperial

gospel which is going to be preached to men, whether they will hear it or no, implies nothing inconsistent with the interests of England? We are trenching upon the secrets of Windsor. All we know is that Prince Henry, after saying good-bye to his brother, his wife, his children and the other members of his family, with emotions appropriate to the occasion, on a gorgeously decorated stage and to sounding salvos of cannon, set sail for England and passed two or three days there before going to seek his fortune.

But why not say outright what all who have given the matter any thought can see, namely, that in the present condition of Europe the Emperor William's move in the far East is no mere freak? Sooner or later that move had to be made. The imperial government was impelled, one might almost say fatally impelled, by the development of German commerce in recent years to a bolder and more active policy. No one has understood this better than the emperor—as is proved by his incessant importunities to the Diet for the means to increase his naval force. Doubtless he would have preferred, before starting out upon an immense undertaking, to have the military instrument, which he is laboring to perfect, all ready to his hand. Failing this, what better way of conquering opposition than to bring the Diet face to face with an urgent necessity? Over and above all private considerations, there were public ones, which helped to decide him. The alliances, now openly avowed, which have resulted from the new groupings of the various European powers, are such, despite their pacific character, as to awaken a certain anxiety. From this point of view, it was no idle thought to transfer the centre of political interest to the Extreme-Orient, and perhaps concentrate it there, for a long time to come. In that immense tract, open to all alike, the interests of the various parties are not necessarily the same as in Europe, and their relations may be open to modification. Who knows but there may be found, in those parts, a delicate test of the strength of certain

recent combinations—if the perils attendant thereon be not avoided with extreme caution? But without going so far as this, can it be denied that the affairs of Asia have actually effected a diversion and withdrawn men's thoughts from the affairs of Europe? The attention which was concentrated upon the latter has been in a measure distracted, and will be claimed by the former for an indefinite period which Germany has it in her power to prolong; and this preoccupation of minds accustomed closely to follow the course of events must needs be advantageous to the Empire and render it more secure. We are a long way from the mediæval rhetoric in which William II. so delights to expatiate; his policy is quite another matter. It is very like that of Prince Bismarck, and has exaggerated, if not perfected, the methods of the latter. It was ever the aim of the great chancellor to divert the attention of those who interested themselves too pertinaciously in Germany, and he took infinite pains to amuse them elsewhere; sometimes even to set them against one another. But he usually took the precaution of keeping himself outside the movements he had provoked; confining himself to supervising and directing until such time as he might bring them to a triumphant conclusion, and merely reserving for himself what he used to call a fair commission. The Emperor William goes farther. He flings himself into the midst of the fight he has provoked, and aspires to control it; and it does not seem absolutely certain that, after such a beginning, he will be content merely to arrange matters for the common good—and rest satisfied with his own previous allotment.

The occupation of Kiao-Chau is not yet two months old, but it has already produced important consequences. It has changed the face of the far East, while in the West the imaginations of all have been feverishly occupied with the partition of the Chinese empire. Everything else has been forgotten. Peace was signed between Greece and Turkey, and nobody heeded, although the situation of Crete remained un-

changed—that is to say, very unhappy. Attention was for the moment concentrated upon the China seas; and the events occurring there were undoubtedly interesting. Possibly they were not wholly unforeseen by the diplomats, who had been watching the abnormal activity of the agents of Germany scouring the Chinese coast as if in search of something. What they were looking for was an advantageous place for landing troops, and the port of Kiao-Chau was admirably chosen. Farther south, between Shanghai and Hong-Kong, they might have found themselves at odds with England; farther south still they would have encountered France, who certainly cannot permit any other power to effect a settlement south of the Canton river and the strait which divides the island of Hainan from the Asiatic continent. Northward the coast is relatively clear, and it was therefore natural to select a point not far from the gulf of Pe-chi-li and Peking. The gulf of Pe-chi-li, as is well known, is divided from the open sea by two promontories which command its mouth. At the extremity of the more northerly one is Port Arthur, on which the designs of Russia had long been known. On the other is the important station of Wei-Hai-Wei, now occupied by the Japanese. The occupation is said to be provisional, but there are chances, and they seem to be increasing, that this temporary occupation will be indefinitely prolonged. The Germans could not go to Port Arthur because it is their first object to consult the interests of Russia, and keep on good terms with her. They could not go to Wei-Hai-Wei because the Japanese are there before them. They had no choice but to go to the further side of the southern promontory of the gulf of Pe-chi-li, and Kiao-Chau presented itself as their forced card. It was, however, an excellent trump, good both for keeping and taking.

The Emperor William, in the course of those allocutions which he scatters so lavishly along his route, has spoken with the utmost confidence of his friend, the Emperor Nicholas, whose

political views, he assures us, are entirely in harmony with his own. Such language is remarkable under the circumstances, and it has, as a matter of fact, excited much remark. Are we to understand that what has happened in the Extreme-Orient was known and approved beforehand by Russia? The conclusion would be a little rash—the truth being that Germany's brusque initiative created much surprise in St. Petersburg. The Russian newspapers, which invariably speak knowingly of foreign as well as domestic affairs, were those of all others which betrayed most irritation; yet Russia wasted no time in recrimination. What would have been the use? The thing was done. The Emperor William had plainly made his preparations long beforehand. He had acted deliberately, and he would not retreat. The only thing left for Russia to do was herself to make an immediate move on Port Arthur. The equilibrium which had been disturbed on behalf of Germany was restored, after a fashion; if, indeed, the balance did not incline a little to the side of Russia; for, however fine a position Kiaoo-Chau may be, it is not equal to Port Arthur. Probably there is no position in the Extreme-Orient superior to the latter, from a political and military, if not from a commercial point of view. Moreover, it affords the Arctic possessions of the Emperor Nicholas an opening into southern seas. It is confidently asserted and believed that, by an arrangement with China, Russia is authorized to use it as a winter station for her ships blockaded by ice at Vladivostok; the said arrangement having been concluded at the close of the Chino-Japanese war, in return for services rendered by Russian diplomacy to the Celestial Empire. At all events the government of St. Petersburg could not hesitate, and orders were issued for the squadron to repair at once to Port Arthur. Beyond this there is no comparison between what passed at the latter port and what passed at Kiaoo-Chau. At Kiaoo-Chau the Germans landed their troops, seized the works commanding the roadstead, and, in fact, took violent

possession. The Russians were content to anchor off Port Arthur, without landing a single soldier, or planting their flag on any point of the shore. But their intention was perfectly clear, and it is not at all probable that the Russians will quit their anchorage until the Germans have evacuated the station of Kiaoo-Chau; which may mean a considerable time. Without formally establishing themselves at Port Arthur, the Russians have closed the port, which was, perhaps, a good thing to do. It has been affirmed, denied and reaffirmed, and there is reason to believe that it is true, that there was an English man-of-war in the harbor before the Russians came in, and that it was withdrawn only at the earnest insistence of the Chinese government. But while objecting to the presence of the *Daphne*, the authorities had not a word to say about the Russian squadron, which must, therefore, have come in with the consent of China.

Russia did not need the consent of Germany, and she dispensed with it; but if she had needed it, it would have been accorded without hesitation. This is, doubtless, what the Emperor William meant, by his allusion to the perfect harmony between his own views and those of the Emperor Nicholas. He has no objection to Russia's taking up a station at some point in the Chinese dominions and there awaiting events which he himself will do his best to precipitate. It was the spectacle of Russia hastening to Port Arthur, immediately after the news of the occupation of Kiaoo-Chau by Germany, which fired excitable imaginations everywhere with the notion that the dismemberment and division of the Chinese empire were close at hand. But this is going a little too fast. China is so big, and is composed of parts so independent of one another, that what takes place in one district leaves the rest comparatively indifferent, or, more properly speaking, ignorant. It will take many years, and a tremendous accumulation of events, to impart motion to the whole of that prodigious mass; heavier and more inert than any other in the

world. It has become a fashionable bit of mental exercise to compare the question of the extreme East with the Eastern question proper; but the two have, perhaps, more points of difference than of resemblance. And, at all events, since the Eastern question has remained unsolved for a hundred years, and is likely to remain so for a hundred more, we may judge how long the Extreme-Eastern question will probably hang fire. There, too, events will move slowly, through progressive stages of decay, and, exactly as we have seen in the Mediterranean Orient, violent and unpleasant shocks will produce, as a rule, but meagre results. It has not yet been possible to determine with exactitude the law of disintegration in the Ottoman Empire, nor that of the integration of the new kingdoms and principalities which are to arise from its ruins; and *a fortiori* do we find ourselves absolutely at a loss concerning the process of decomposition in the Celestial Empire: provided—which is by no means certain—that decomposition has actually set in, we have not yet got so far. The great European powers can do nothing more, at present, than select certain points upon the Chinese coast, from which to watch over their commercial and political interests. England, be it observed, did this a long while ago. She has been for many years at Hong-Kong and both she and some of the other powers have regular colonies at Shanghai. The Chinese Empire, stretching, as it does, all over the yellow continent, and the government at Peking, seem to have experienced no sensible inconvenience from these facts. A great many more of the same kind may occur, without producing any of the consequences which are eagerly announced as immediate; and a great deal of water will have run through the Yang-tsi-Kiang before the new era fairly sets in.

These considerations will no doubt explain the coolness of old powers like England and France, at a crisis in which their interests might be supposed deeply involved. And so, no doubt, they are, but not to the point where it is

necessary to regard them as compromised. We have indicated the point upon the Chinese coast where our own may be held to cease. It would be nonsense at this time to attempt to go farther north, and if we did we should be confronted by Hong-Kong. On the other hand, our Indo-Chinese possessions have a long frontier in common with China, and we shall not lack, when able to avail ourselves of it, that communication with the interior needful for extending our trade and our political influence into those three great southern provinces of the empire which are among the richest and most populous of all. Our share will be large enough, if only we know how to utilize it. As for England, her great maritime superiority permits her to choose her own time of action. She is in no hurry, and neither Germany's presence at Kiao-Chau, nor Russia's at Port Arthur, is a serious menace to her power. If it is true that our interests are bounded by the river Canton, those of England would be immensely developed by making them co-extensive with the territory between Hong-Kong and Shanghai. Farther north, come Germany, Russia and also Japan—the last, a too important factor in oriental politics to be entirely neglected. There will be struggles there, to which none of the great European powers can remain indifferent, but in which it can hardly be necessary for any of them actively to interfere, save in the interest of their formal alliances and their general policy. Just at the present moment, for example, England and Japan seem to be drawn together by a certain community of interests. There is even talk of a specific arrangement having been concluded between the two countries, but that is hardly probable. It is much more likely that England will act upon the same principle in the extreme east as in the west, and not bind herself by any formal contract. She very much prefers reserving to herself the privilege of acting according to circumstances; and circumstances may decide her to support the claims of Japan to Corea. Is she doing so at this moment? Is it true,

as the story goes, that the government of Seoul having been, after a fashion, handed over to the Russian agent, a threatening demonstration was made by the English fleet at Chemulpo—and an ultimatum presented? Is it true that the Japanese fleet was prepared, if necessary, to support this demonstration? If so it might give a disquieting notion of the state of feeling in the Extreme-Orient, but it is hardly likely, for this among other reasons, that Corea has lost its interest for Russia since the latter has established herself in the gulf of Liao-Tung and at Port Arthur. It would be much easier than before for Russia to come to an understanding with Japan, and it would be specially for her interest to do so, since she and Japan now hold the two leaves of the folding-door of Pe-chi-li. It is true that for the same reason the other powers might have an interest in keeping them apart.

Upon the whole, while the incidents which have occurred, up to this time, in the Extreme-Orient, are doubtless important and should be watched attentively, they have not the weighty significance which has been assigned them. If they foreshadow the future it is a very remote future. If they oblige the powers to take certain precautions, they do not compel them to hurl themselves into doubtful enterprises, nor to incur a new danger for the sake of averting an old one. Our own precautions are fully taken and we shall not suffer ourselves to be taken at unawares by events. Prince Henry of Prussia is off for the China seas, and will soon arrive—and what the secret is that he carries with him, we cannot precisely guess. "I know your Majesty's thought," said the prince when he was privileged to look his brother full in the face. We who do not enjoy that privilege know less about the emperor's thoughts, and we shall not attempt to divine them. But if, as has been said, the Emperor William and the Emperor Nicholas are acting in harmony, those thoughts ought to be reassuring. Moreover, when Prince Henry paid his visit to Queen Victoria he was probably charged with

a message calculated to dispel the anxieties awakened by the flourish of trumpets at Kiel; and, as a matter of fact, England has shown no signs of disquietude since his departure. Christmas has come and gone and the political crowd has dispersed to enjoy in the bosom of its family that tranquil vacation which it so particularly objects to have disturbed. We will not say of the Emperor William, as Talleyrand said of the ideal diplomat, that language was given him to conceal thought; but he certainly uses it for that purpose, and enjoys enveloping himself in big words, as the gods of old used to hide themselves in a shining cloud. The emperor does not always speak with the moderation with which he usually acts. He has made many more prolix speeches since he ascended the throne than he has done deeds that have compromised either himself or others; and it is by his deeds that he must be judged. Nothing is more probable than that he may have desired to divert the attention of Europe to the far East; that it was his purpose to provoke, upon that distant field, the sort of conflict that he has so astutely avoided at home is much less likely. The German newspapers appear during the last few days to have received orders to quiet public anxiety, and to paint in the faintest colors the demonstrations at Kiel. It would be foolish, perhaps, to show one's self over credulous, but equally so to display undue anxiety. Nothing has occurred as yet to compromise our interests, or impel us to take hasty measures for their protection.

FRANCIS CHARMES.

Translated for *The Living Age*.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
CONCERNING BREAKFAST.

People who take a leisurely breakfast in sunny rooms, with windows leading to the lawn—these are the true aristocrats. The ideal breakfast is laid in a sunny room, with windows leading to

the lawn, and a fire in the grate—yes, even in August, a fire in the grate. Breakfast demands and deserves a fire. Under these conditions the meal is urbane, mellowing; it enables one to collect one's philosophy and to store cheerfulness for the day, as an electric launch stores motive power for its voyage; it predicates a well-ordered morning, a reposeful afternoon, an intellectual evening, a peaceful night. It is, in short, the day's keynote. But how few there are who can give to breakfast the loving attention that it merits! Alack! with most of us it is taken perfunctorily and in haste, more because the day's work would be prejudiced seriously if we omitted it than for any pleasure in the taking. The meal is squeezed between sleep and business; we are called from the table by the whistle of the train; and only on Sundays can we settle to it like artists.

The breakfast appetite varies strangely. Some persons are content with a cup of coffee and a piece of toast; others make it the most determined meal of the day. Once it was formidable indeed. In Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music" is quoted a sixteenth-century manuscript belonging to the House of Northumberland which gives the breakfast arrangements of the Percy family both for Lent and for flesh days; and oh, how some of us have fallen away in trencher work! Here is the simple Northumbrian scheme: "Breakfast for my Lord and Lady during Lent—First, a loaf of bread in trenches, two manchets [a manchet was a small loaf of white bread], a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconn'd herring, four white herring, or a dish of sprats. Breakfast for my Lord Percy and Master Thomas Percy—Item, half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, a bottle of beer, a dish of butter, and a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats, or three white herring. Breakfast for the nursery, for my Lady Margaret and Master Ingeram Percy—Item, a manchet, a quart of beer [this

for the nursery!], a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats, or three white herring." At ordinary times my lord and lady fared thus: "First, a loaf of bread in trenches, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, half a chine of mutton, or else a chine of beef boiled;" Lord Percy and Master Thomas Percy disposed of "half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, one bottle of beer, a cheeking, or else three mutton bones boiled;" while to the thirsty nursery went "a manchet, one quart of beer, and three mutton bones boiled."

In Hall's "Seventh Year of King Henry VIII." we find what constituted the breakfast of outlaws. "Then sayde Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefaste is venyson, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the Kyng and Quene sate downe, and were served with venyson and wyne by Robyn Hood and hys men, too theyre great contentacion." "Contentacion" is splendid; it might be reserved for the red-letter breakfast. Isaak Walton and his honest scholar made brave breakfast of a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two, as they sat beneath a sycamore. Considering that this was at nine o'clock and they began fishing soon after five, they deserved it. "All excellent good," said the honest scholar as he wiped his mouth, "and my stomach excellent good too." Walton's collaborator, Master Charles Cotton, was less indulgent. "My diet," he said, "is always one glass [of ale] so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner," which, compared with the excesses of the Percy children, is asceticism itself. Viator, in the same work, took even less. "I will light a pipe," he said, "for that is commonly my breakfast too." Viator, however, was misguided. Had he eaten breakfast first and lighted his pipe after, his lot would have been more enviable. No pipe is so gracious as that which follows breakfast. Calverley sinned when he omitted this season from his ode to tobacco. "Sweet when they've cleared away lunch," he sings. True;



but sweeter, nay, sweetest, when they are clearing away breakfast.

Breakfast to the child means bread and milk, or porridge, and the beginning of another day. To me it meant this and nothing more until at an early age a reading-book was embarked upon which consisted of a long dialogue between father and children concerning the nature and the source of the articles upon the breakfast table. The conversation, which was continued through several breakfasts, proceeded in the manner of the catechism. One child asked where coffee came from, and with cheerful but suspicious alacrity papa replied that it came from Arabia. Another was struck with the whiteness of the salt, and said so. Papa at once explained the whiteness of the salt, and passed easily to a lecture on salt-mining. The aim of the book was to show that the antipodal peoples of the earth meet at the breakfast table; that energy must be expended in both hemispheres before Henry and Susan can enjoy their bread and treacle. This reading-book was epoch-making. Henceforward breakfast was an educative meal; and I have only quite lately lost the feeling that at any moment a searching question might be asked concerning the origin and manufacture of everything eaten. From the children's books of to-day, it might be noted, the well-informed parent has departed. In the children's books of to-morrow it will be papa who will ask the questions and Henry and Susan who will instruct him.

Oatmeal marks not only the child's breakfast: it is the favorite food of Edinburgh reviewers—*tenui meditamus avena*. Thus do extremes meet. It is best with cream, which indeed might be defined, after a well-known pattern, as the stuff which makes porridge insipid if you eat it without it. If the hoardings are to be believed, the form of porridge now most in vogue is of Quaker origin. Quaker oats, one supposes, should be the very antithesis of wild oats. Porridge, homely, honest fare though it be, is the cause of more

strife than any other dish. The great salt *versus* sugar battle is eternally waged above it; for some take salt and some sugar, and those that take salt are the scorn of them that take sugar, and those that take sugar are despised of them that take salt. The curious circumstance is that we never are greatly concerned whether our neighbor takes his coffee with sugar or without it; but immediately porridge is forthcoming, his palate is our most jealous care. Quakers being a pacific folk, their oats should have stopped this warfare.

The egg, as egg, belongs properly to the breakfast table, in spite of the beautiful anthropomorphic story (which too many parents claim to have participated in) of the little girl who asked her mother what God had for dinner. "God," said her mother, "has no dinner." The little girl was for a moment silent, thoughtful, sad. Then she brightened: "Oh, I suppose He has an egg with His tea." In his recent poem in praise of frugality, his holiness the pope (*riâ* Mr. Andrew Lang) lays down this rule:—

Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or  
nearly raw,

Or deftly poached, or simply served au  
plat;

"There's wit in poaching eggs," the prov-  
erb says,

And you may do them in a hundred ways.

Buttered they give perhaps most "contentacion." When boiled, the golden mean for the egg is three an a half minutes. The yolk is then set but soft. There are, however, who like them hard, and there are who like them volatile. In novels people "chip" their eggs; in life they behead them. There is even a mechanical implement of American extraction known as an egg decapitator. The practice of smashing in the egg with a spoon, in order that it may be preserved from hardness, is futile—an idle superstition nursed by women folk. When the egg, like the curate's in Mr. Du Maurier's picture, is excellent only "in parts," pepper is an alleviation. Eating an egg without

salt, says a character in one of Mr. Kipling's stories (or perhaps I have inverted the remark), is like kissing a man without a moustache; but of that I know nothing. Eggs, in whatever form they appear, are good, provided, as Leo XIII. insists, they are fresh.

No matter of what the breakfast consists, marmalade is the coping-stone of the meal. Without marmalade, the finest breakfast is incomplete, a broken arc. Only with marmalade can it be a perfect round. Every one's home-made marmalade is notoriously the best; but where the commercially manufactured article is used opinions differ. Her most gracious Majesty (it is stated so on the pot) prefers a viscous variety, which is anathema to Oxford men bred on Cooper's. My own taste—but that is of no moment. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, it will be remembered, favored Keelwell's, or at any rate, it was this maker who assisted in the embellishment of little Sorrow's grave. The universities are nobly loyal to marmalade: at Cambridge there is a saying that no man can pass his Little-go until he has consumed his own weight in it, while Oxford first called it squish (inspired word!), and to the pen of the late editor of the *Isis* we owe the ode which begins:—

'Mid things around that sully and degrade,

'Mid sloth and sin,

By one comestible the world is made

Worth living in:

'Mid forms of provender, all stodgy, rude,  
And heathenish,

One, only one, with grace is still imbued—  
My amber Squish.

The attitude of women to marmalade has never been quite sound. True, they make it excellently, but afterwards their association with it is one lamentable retrogression. They decant it into glass dishes and fancy jars, which is inartistic; they spread it over pastry; and they do not particularly desire it at breakfast. How *can* they expect the B.A. degree? Where there is no marmalade, shift may be made with honey or jam; and treacle is not entirely out

of favor, although the enterprise of Bonnie Dundee has dealt it so hard a blow that you may fare far in your quest of the golden syrup. The great charm of treacle is in its transit from the pot to the plate; with no other liquid is it possible to trace one's autograph. Most of us as children saw our names writ (unlike Keats's) in treacle. The honey which shines on the breakfast table in Switzerland is of similar consistency. It should be acclimatized here. The allegation that bees were not interested in its evolution is nothing in its disfavor.

Reading at breakfast is fatal to sociability. In breakfasting alone it is permissible, but not in company. Leigh Hunt wrote in the "Indicator:" "When we lived alone we could not help reading at meals; and it is certainly a delicious thing to resume an entertaining book at a particularly interesting passage, with a hot cup of tea at one's elbow, and a piece of buttered toast in one's hand. The first look at the page, accompanied by a co-existent bite of the toast, comes under the head of intensities." A book at breakfast is no compliment to the cook; but a newspaper is an insult. On the other hand a newspaper at breakfast is a benefit to the doctor, for it is when one is put off one's guard by the struggle with the folds and the search for items of interest that the way is made easy for the approach of dyspepsia. In the old days of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, when papers were of a reasonable size and reposeful to boot, they did no harm. Now—well, now, the largest circulation in the world may produce the poorest digestion. It has been remarked (by a collector) that the only literature suitable at breakfast is bookseller's catalogues; but since catalogues lead always to telegrams or envy, this is doubtful. The line should probably be drawn at private letters.

Breakfast is a meal at which one becomes aparian; everything being on the table, or easily accessible, one can sip, bee-like, where one will. Hence, perhaps, the absence of conversation at

breakfast. At dinner, where formality is preserved, where one progresses artistically and with dignity towards repletion, conversation is fostered; at breakfast there is merely chatter, sporadic and trivial; scraps from letters, puns, dreams and the description of strange noises heard in the night. Dreams told at breakfast should be accepted with reservations, for few persons are strong enough to tell them faithfully. Yet, although breakfast does little either for the conversationalist or the gourmet, it is often the merriest and freshest of the day's meals. The joy of it is new every morning. Breakfast is the beginning of another day; lunch and dinner are but continuations; and to those glad natures which are reinvigorated and heartened by every sunrise, breakfast is a time for high spirits. High spirits, however, must not be confounded with brilliance. Only dull people, said a character in a recent comedy, are brilliant at breakfast—which is a truth, in spite of the works of Doctor Holmes and the records which have come down to us of the brilliancies of the breakfast parties given by Samuel Rogers and Lord Holland. The table which in those days was set in a room approximated more nearly to the luncheon table than the breakfast table as we understand it. At the ordinary breakfast table there is little wit. One reason is the early hour—wit is for the day's decline; another is that the company are in slippers—one cannot be witty until one is dressed; a third reason is discontent—bed is not yet forgotten, nor the breakfast gong forgiven, and wit requires a mind at ease.

Bed! Houses where every one is punctual for breakfast are not good to stay in. The virtues so flourish there. A little laxity in the morning is humanizing. For dinner, punctuality by all means, punctuality severely to the minute; but for breakfast let there be liberty to tarry on the way. To be late for breakfast is so natural an act that instinctively one feels it to be right. There is a kind of half-wakeful sleep

following that precarious folding of the hands to which the comfortable resort when they are first called, which is more precious than all the deep somnolence of the night. Moreover, time itself is disorganized before breakfast; if you rise too early, how slowly the hands of the clock move on; if you oversleep, how they windmill round!

The day rightly begins after breakfast. The zealous rise early and boast of the amount of work which they have already accomplished; hence the zealous are not good to live with. In the first stages of golfomania, there is early rising accompanied by "putting" on the lawn; the young cyclist is also wont to mention casually over his coffee the number of miles he has ridden before the others were up; but with the advent of experience (or disillusion) these enthusiasms pale and vanish. Now and again when an enterprising editor in search of inexpensive copy "circularises" (that is the word) popular authors concerning their methods of work and daily output, a reply will contain the statement (so discouraging to the beginner in fiction) that the lady who wrote "*The Baby Bigamist*," or the gentleman who devised "*The Mystery of the Single Spat*," is discontented if the before-breakfast sitting produces fewer than two thousand words. But one need not too slavishly credit such revelations—there is such temptation to exalt, in print, the accidental into the habitual. Now and then, for worthy purposes, such as bathing in a Thames backwater, or intercepting the postman, early rising is desirable. But in the main it leads to self-conceit, intolerance and dullness after dinner. The old poet was right.

When the Morning riseth red,  
Rise not thou, but keep thy Bed;  
When the Dawn is dull and grey,  
Sleep is still the better way.  
Beasts are up betimes? But then  
They are Beasts, and we are Men.

And:—

Morning Sleep avoideth Broil,  
Wasteth not in greedy Toil,

Doth not suffer Care or Grief,  
Giveth aching Bones relief.  
Of all the Crimes beneath the Sun,  
Say, Which in morning Sleep was done?

This is unanswerable.

Breakfast in bed is not the joy some  
persons would have us think it. There  
are crumbs.

E. V. LUCAS.

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From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

WITH ALL HER HEART.<sup>1</sup>

BY RENE BAZIN.

Translated for The Living Age.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

After that she waited for a sign.  
And on the 15th of May there came a  
letter with the Paris post-mark ad-  
dressed in a clumsy hand to:—

"Mlle. Henriette Madiot. Milliner.  
Rue de l'Hermitage, near the middle."

Henriette knew the handwriting, and  
tore open the envelope. "At last!"—  
she thought, and read these lines:—

"I have to write to you, Henriette,  
and to ask you to forgive me. I was  
afraid to do it before, but now I am  
ill. I have had a hard time—but why  
should I tell you all that? My cough  
was bad, even before I came to Paris,  
and I could not take care of myself. I  
got less and less able to work, and I  
think I should have died of want and  
neglect,—if another girl had not writ-  
ten, for me, to the Sisters at Villepinte.  
I have been here a week now,—well  
taken care of and even petted, but I  
am not much better. I have such a  
pain through from my chest to my  
back. It is like needles all the time.  
The sisters say I can get well, but I  
don't care much. My life has not been  
gay. But I wish you could see how  
well I look. You would hardly know  
me. I think differently, too, about  
some things:—there! I should like to  
see you, but that is unreasonable, and  
you could not come. It would do me  
good, though—but I shall be contented

if you will forgive me. Will you let  
me send you a kiss?

"Marie."

Henriette replied at once, and when  
she took her place that day in Mme.  
Clémence's workroom, she said:—

"You remember Marie Schwartz.  
She's very ill."

"Consumption, isn't it?" observed  
Mlle. Irma. "Like me. That's what  
the working-girls who are bad always  
die of; and some who are not bad, too."

Two or three other faces contracted  
for a moment with something like a  
spasm of pain, and Mlle. Anne, who  
had pink cheeks and deep dimples mur-  
mured—"Yet she seemed quite strong."

Reine added under her breath: "I al-  
ways liked her. She was very merry  
sometimes;" and that was all. It was  
a brilliant morning. The transparent  
upper half of the window was all clear  
blue, and the tip of the poplar had ab-  
sorbed so much sunshine that it looked  
like the algrette powdered with silver,  
of which Mlle. Mathilde was just try-  
ing the effect upon a straw hat.

A few days later a second letter  
came.

"Dear Henriette," it ran, "I know you  
will be glad to hear that I am a great  
deal better out here in the country  
where I can no longer hear the roar of  
my big Paris; the air is very good. I  
have a big bowl of warm milk every  
morning, and when I have drunk it I  
fall asleep. I suppose it must be the  
fresh air which makes me sleep, from  
nine in the evening to seven in the  
morning. I even walk in the park—  
fancy!—and it is beautiful. Some one  
always goes with me, because I am not  
yet strong. There are meadows with  
cows, and chestnut-trees to sit down  
under—and when I am quite vigorous,  
I go as far as a little lake which has  
trees all around. Sometimes I meet  
young girls. They don't know who I  
am, of course, and they smile at me,  
just out of kindness. So you see I am  
getting on famously. Only if you write  
again, please not write quite so fine,  
for it tires my eyes to read."

At the end of another fortnight, how-  
ever, one morning when she was a lit-

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Living Age Company.

the late in starting for the work-room, the postman met her on the steps with the words: "A letter for you, Mlle. Madiot!"

"Ah, good! Let me have it!" "From Marie," had been her thought, but as the postman went on his way she perceived that the address was in a hand very different from Marie's—a delicate, regular, cultivated hand. The date was at Villepinte, and the contents were these:—

"Mademoiselle:—Our little inmate, Marie Schwartz, has had a relapse, and we fear, and the doctor fears also, that she will not rally. The poor child's one desire is to see you again. She repeats your name, and talks to us about you whenever she is able to talk at all. I told her I would send you any message, and she said, 'Tell her I can't die till I have seen her.' Come, therefore, if you can, mademoiselle, but you must come quickly.

"Sister Marie-Sylvie."

Henriette's tears fell as she walked; but she dried her eyes before reaching Mme. Clémence's, and put the letter in her bosom. To the inquiries of the other girls her answer was—"I am not very well," and all day long she sat thinking as she worked.

Shortly before the time for the girls to disperse, Henriette went out to speak to the mistress, and all noticed, when she came back, the paleness of the head-milliner, and her look of extreme agitation. They were still in their seats,—and most of the girls had finished work, but some few were arranging one more ribbon bow or setting a final stitch. The young heads, blonde, brown and black, all illuminated by a ray of June sunshine which had penetrated even that room,—turned, one after another, toward Henriette as though she had called them by name. And she was indeed looking wistfully along the two tables at which she had passed so many days, trying to fix forever in her memory the image of those girlish faces which she would see no more. She kissed them, in her heart, upon the forehead,—upon the sad or smiling lips; she enshrined

them in tender memories; as an elder sister who is to go to her bridegroom on the morrow tells the number of the little ones who henceforth will miss her care. Had she really loved them all? In this last hour, it seemed not to matter. At least they had shared with her that life of humble toil, which must now have an end. In those few seconds she re-lived her whole life at Mme. Clémence's and bade her associates the unanswerd good-bye which she preferred. Then, mastering her emotion, she said quietly:—

"I have had sad news from Marie Schwartz. She is much worse."

All the young faces, the sad, the sweet, the silly and the love-sick, took on the same pitying expression.

"Oh," cried Irma, "how quick it has been!"

"She was exactly my age," said Jeanne, who had just passed her twentieth birthday.

And several voices exclaimed in one breath: "Where is she? Still at Villepinte? Does she suffer very much? She will rally again, won't she? Did she write herself?"

Henriette made answer to all, standing upright near the door, very pale in the bright sunshine, and not knowing herself whether her tears were for those whom she was leaving here or for the one who was dying yonder. After their first exclamations of concern, which were all to one purport, though differently expressed, there had been a moment of silence; as often happens after a blow has fallen, and the pain of it is finding its way into the depths of our being. The silence was broken by the girl who stood nearest to Henriette—by Reine, who said in her pure, pitiful, musical voice. "Listen, girls! I have an idea! I am sure it would please her—"

"What is it?" asked the little apprentice, and all the other eyes were fixed upon Reine as she answered: "Let us club together and make the prettiest hat we can, and send it to her."

"But if she isn't able to wear it?" said the child.

"No matter!" pursued the silvery

voice. "She will say to herself: 'I am going to get well, then! It must be that they think I am going to get well.' And that will give her a moment's pleasure."

"Agreed!" cried Irma. "I'll do my part! It's an excellent idea, Mlle. Reine!"

"And I!" "And I!" "Put on your thimbles again, girls." "Here is my thread." "I had not put away my needles." "A round straw hat,—don't you think so?" "Or perhaps a sweet little felt?"

They were all talking at once; while Mlle. Jeanne pulled out her pocket-book, and threw a franc-piece on the table. "There's my contribution. Who'll give as much?"

And soon there was quite a little pile of franc and fifty-centime pieces upon the green oilcloth. The small apprentice, more touselled than ever, blushed as she put down two sous. "It's all I have," she said.

"Perhaps Mme. Clémence would help us," remarked one.

"I will ask her if we may stay," said Henriette.

Permission was given, and all the stools having been pulled up to one table, they sat elbow to elbow, discussing the details of Marie's hat,—and each putting in her word. They seemed, with their glancing thimbles, to have resumed almost their wonted gaiety. Some were rummaging in boxes of ribbons and feathers, and unfashionable remnants. Half-a-dozen hands went up at once.

"Shall we have a changeable ribbon, Mlle. Henriette?" "Here's a blue and gold one!" "No?" "A grey wing, then! There's a beauty! It must be a gull's-wing." "See here, girls! What of this satin? Isn't it lovely?" "But, perhaps, as you say, the red would be more becoming. She was so dark." "Poor girl!" "Poor Marie!" "We'll send her all our names, will we not?—because there have been changes in the work-room." "I'd like to see her when she gets the box with the mark of our house on it!" "But it's pitiful, all the same!"

Henriette had left the trimming of Marie's hat to Jeanne and Irma. It was a white straw, with dark red loops and a pompon at the back, and some very pale roses enveloped in dull green moss,—so that their color was barely discernible. It was artistically adapted to the sombre but striking beauty of the girl who would never wear moss roses and dark red ribbons again. Three pairs of scissors were extended whenever there was a thread to be cut, and the whole group was agog with childish enthusiasm over the masterpiece concocted by two of their number. Home, dinner, the fatigues of the day—all were forgotten in devising a pleasure for Marie who had been among them for so short a time, and would never come back. When Irma at last poised the finished hat on the tip of her thumb, some one said, "I'm sorry it is done. Now we shall think no more about her. But how is it to be sent?"

"I'll see that she gets it," answered Henriette, who had risen with the others, and something in her tone arrested the attention of two or three of the girls. Reine, who was the most acute, Reine who loved her, approached Henriette, as she was taking out of the cupboard her own hat and grey boa.

"You are not going?" she whispered, "You won't carry the hat yourself? I'm always dreading that you will go for good!"

"But where?"

"Oh, I know very well."

Henriette could not answer. She waited until the other girls, impatient now to be at home, had all left the work-room, then threw her arms round the neck of the little Bretonne, and laid her head against her cheek. "I love you so much," she whispered, "and I always shall! Now hurry home, for I know *he* must be waiting."

Last of them all Henriette passed slowly through the deserted establishment. She had never quitted Mme. Clémence's rooms so reluctantly. Outside, the sky overhead was still miraculously clear, but huge clouds were



rolling up from the west, and threatening a storm.

Old Elol Madiot and Henriette sat up very late that night in the Rue de l'Ermitage. Each was oppressed with grief, but they found a little comfort in their love for one another, and at last they were even able to make plans.

"I'm going on a long journey," Madiot said, "but I shall see my little girl again."

The storm raged round them, and a pall of blackness covered half the sky.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

At the Asylum of Villepinte. The afternoon cloudy and warm and still.

"Sister, I have come to see Marie Schwartz."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"She is living?"

"Yes, but very low."

"Oh, take me to her, please!"

Henriette was already pressing after the nun who had received her, through the spacious building. So clean and white—with its light corridors, and waxed wainscotings, doors, and staircases. It was almost a palace, the gift of a compassionate woman to her suffering sisters,—to women, and especially young women overtaken by an all but incurable malady. The donor had exhausted herself in devices for the comfort of her dying inmates, and in providing something more than the cold monotony of a hospital for those who might yet recover. She lavished on them light and air and verdure, and even a little of that luxury which caresses the eye, and affords a certain degree of company during weary hours.

Henriette passed large chambers containing four or five beds, and each named after a different saint: St. Denis, St. Martin, St. Stanislas, St. Louis of Gonzaga. She caught glimpses of pretty, wasted faces, of moist and eager eyes, of white hair-nets with bows of blue ribbon. One very small girl tried to climb the stairs after Henriette, but paused on the third step,

quite breathless, with her hand upon her chest.

"I'm not going too fast for you, mademoiselle?" questioned the nun, who was used to slower movements.

Henriette carried with her a paste-board box, with the name of the best millinery shop in Nantes upon the cover. It was Mother Marie-Sylvie herself who acted as her guide, and they paused at last before a door on the second story inscribed with the name of St. Agnes. A shudder passed through the girl's frame as the Reverend Mother laid her hand upon the door, and leaning backward, said in a hushed voice: "This is the room;" then entered noiselessly and with a gliding motion, like a breath of air.

This hall was like the rest, only lighter. There were eight white beds ranged side by side, facing the windows; while on a table at the far end of the room, surrounded by flowers and small ornaments, stood a statue of the Virgin of Lourdes, with floating blue girdle and belt that seemed to spurn the earth. And here, directly before her, Henriette beheld the dear object of her own eager search.

Marie was not asleep, and she was not suffering. Her hands were under the coverlet, and her head, between those parted floods of wavy hair which no net could ever have confined, lay lightly upon the pillow. Her lips were as red as ever.

Henriette came nearer, gazing in a kind of speechless awe upon the motionless features, and the small, straight shape, vaguely outlined under the white bedclothes. Oh, days of radiant youth, so short a while ago,—when they two had goneskimming over the Mauves meadow! But the moment she came within the range of the sick girl's vision, Henriette saw the still face brighten and break into a smile. It was a smile which seemed to come out of the depths into which life and thought were receding,—sweet, peaceful, beaming,—yet not like a living smile; and equally unearthly was the toneless murmur in which she breathed the words.

"How good you are!"

Then slowly and with an evident effort, Marie inclined her head a little toward Henriette, who was stooping to kiss her.

"And how pretty you are! But I am quite happy,—as you see. God has forgotten all my bad ways. He never even thinks of them. Say that you forgive me too!"

"Oh, my love—long, long ago!—from the moment I knew that you were deserted—"

The dark eyes travelled round a little circle out of the great room, resting by turns upon the nun, the Madonna, Henriette, the bed. "But I'm not so any more." Then suddenly they brightened like those of a child. "Why, what's that you have? A model?"

"Yes, dear! All the girls remember you, and when they knew I was coming here, they wanted to send you something they had made themselves—a hat for you to wear when you are stronger. Shall I show it to you?"

For the first time a tear rolled down the sunken cheek of Marie Schwartz.

"No! Don't undo it! What is the use? But how sweet of the girls to send it! You'll tell them that I thank them. You are going back to the shop?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"The convent."

Henriette had partly risen when she saw the wan face upon the pillow light up, yet once more, and felt herself, as it were, embraced by a warm glow of love, admiration, and unspeakable desire.

"Happy girl!" sighed Marie, and she closed her eyes. What visions crossed her brain? A last retrospect, no doubt, of days that were now all done; of lost opportunities; of sin cancelled by suffering. She lay for a long time motionless, lost in her dream, and when she came back to consciousness it was to see Henriette kneeling by the bedside.

Marie gazed upon her with eyes too dim even to look their love, yet which seemed to put the question—"Why do

you stay? What are you waiting for? We have said everything."

But Henriette continued to kneel,—as though it were she who had something to implore of her poor, dying sister.

Then, at last, Marie understood. Her features took on an expression of singular dignity, and slowly drawing her right arm out of bed, the woman who had been forgiven gave her blessing to the unstained, and feebly traced upon a virgin forehead the sign of the redeeming cross.

[THE END.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE NEW HUMANITARIANISM.

In 1813, Elizabeth Fry, visiting Newgate, found women chained to the ground, lying in a dark cell, on straw changed once a week, clothed only in a petticoat, hardly visible for vermin. In 1897, a deer was impaled and killed during a run of the Royal Buckhounds. The epithets spattered over the latter fact by part of the public press in London would not have been at all inadequate as applied to the former. We read of "the terrible death of the deer," "the piteous story," the "brutal cruelties," "barbarities," and "atrocious incidents" of the hunt. Both Newgate and the Royal Buckhounds are public institutions, and the country is by way of being responsible for them. Yet Elizabeth Fry was held something of an eccentric for objecting to this form of the punishment of the guilty in Newgate; while there are certainly hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people in Britain who hardly find the abuse above quoted sufficient for the iniquities of the Buckhounds. Concrete instances like this show such a change of sentiment well within the span of the closing century as can only be called prodigious. We say, provisionally, a change of public sentiment and not of public morality; for if it should turn out a question of morality, then we must con-

clude either that the contemporaries of Wellington and Peel were all devils, or that the editor of the *Star* is an angel.

The root of the revolution lies in the respective values which two generations set upon physical pain. You will see the same even more clearly by going back another couple of generations to the days of Tom Jones or Roderick Random. "Coarse" and "brutal" are the epithets which our age selects for theirs. But again the root of the difference lies in the importance our modern fashionable sentiment—shall we say "fashionable cant" at once and be out with it?—attaches to the avoidance of physical pain. Ensign Northerton was a brute in his day, and Tom Jones was a man; in ours Tom is a brute and the ensign a demon. It may be the essence of civilization, or an accident of it; but all our Victorian sentiments, all our movements, all our humanitarian talk, trend in one direction—towards the conviction that death and pain are the worst of evils, their elimination the most desirable of goods.

To many people—so fast are we soddening with that materialism which calls itself humanity—this proposition about death and pain and their antitheses will seem a truism. But perhaps some of them will falter in that belief when they see to what monstrosities this deification of painlessness can give birth. It is throttling patriotism and common-sense and virility of individual character; it is even stunting its own squat idol by taking away pain with one hand only to foster it with the other; and, worst danger of all, its success means the destruction of all manlier ideals of character than its own.

Consider the gospel of painlessness in a few of its developments; and take first the simplest. Whence come the flaccid ideas of to-day in point of health and sickness? Why do we hatch out added babies from incubators? Why does the *Daily Telegraph* endow cripples with Christmas hampers? In order, you would naturally answer, first, to bring into the world beings who

must needs be a curse to themselves and to everybody about them; second, to persuade these beings that there is some kind of merit in being such a curse. Everybody who knows anything of working-men's homes knows how proud of its deformity a cripple of that class can be, and how that pride is pandered to and even shared by all who can claim kinship with it. At a charitable Christmas entertainment held annually in the East End, it is the custom to put up the most misshapen cripples procurable to sing a hymn by themselves; and the hideous exhibition is by far the most popular turn of the evening. Now, nothing can be more rankly unwholesome than such a state of sentiment. It may be unjust to blame cripples; it is as unjust and far more pernicious, remembering that their case is nearly always due to the vices or negligence of parents, to pamper them. Parents should be taught to be ashamed of crippled children. And children, both in this and higher states of life, ought to be taught to be proud of being well, not of being ill; to be taught that sickness is not a source of interest, but a badge of inferiority; that to be healthy is the prime condition of all things desirable in life, and that the only way to palliate ill-health is to ignore it. Such an education might be trusted to breed healthy bodies controlled and mastered by healthy minds. But that would be blasphemy against the gospel of painlessness. Pain is to be assuaged if possible, but cockered in any case; to be pitied, advertised, rewarded—anything except silently endured.

Moreover, this new humanitarianism is always conspicuously illogical in the working out of its own creed. Aiming at nothing higher than the extinction of pain, its disciples, by sheer feather-headedness, cause a great deal more suffering than they alleviate. It is too early to follow the after-life of the incubator-hatched baby; but it is fairly safe to predict that throughout a brief and puny life its unwholesomeness will mock the false humanity that would

not let it die. As for the cripples, there is in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, a small, but very admirably managed, hospital for that branch of them which suffers from hip-disease. Now, if you are to cherish cripples, you would think that there could be no better way of doing so than this—the more so in that hip-disease is both incurable and incapacitating. But no. That hospital, because it is quiet and no hand at advertising, is indigent to the point of shutting its doors; whilst money flows in merrily to buy turkeys for other cripples' relatives' Christmas dinners. Perhaps the reason for the antithesis is that the object must not merely be an imperfect human being, but, in order to win full sympathy, must exhibit himself as such in public.

Yet it may be neither by oversight nor by inconsideration that this little hospital is starved. For you must know that among our humanitarians is a strong wing which objects strenuously to hospitals altogether. It is an extraordinary irony that the self-sent apostles, whose mission is to do away with pain, should launch some of their finest diatribes against hospitals, which have no other mission in the world than themselves to combat pain. An extraordinary irony—but it is perfectly true, and the fact is very fruitful of enlightenment. You will find in the writings of these apostles attacks on the atrocities of hospitals set out with language almost too strong to be applied to a dead deer. Hospitals, they tell us, are shambles where human victims are vivisected for the curiosity, not to say the entertainment, of cold scientists. We are exhorted in fervent rhetoric to rise all together and stop the butchery of our fellow-men for a surgeon's holiday. This cry, which peals periodically from a part of the press of London, is almost the most instructive of all the manifestations of the new spirit. The surgeon understands what he is doing with his patient; his detractors do not. His aim is ultimately the same as theirs—to eliminate pain from life; they can hardly dispute that. But just because

he understands, because he takes a broad view, because, without neglecting the individual case, he looks beyond it to principles which may prove of general beneficence—because of this he is next door to a murderer. Herein, not expressed but involved, you have the craven fear of pain in its naked simplicity. You must not cut to save a limb, to save a life, to save ten thousand lives—because we cannot bear to see the blood. Send out as many cripples, as many valetudinarians as you will—but we cannot bear to think of the supreme moment of kill or cure. Put us under morphia to muffle our pain, let a nurse sit holding our hand and stroking our forehead. But if you inflict one healing pang, exert one touch of salutary discipline, then you are no benefactor, but a heartless devil.

The outcry against vaccination, against vivisection, furnishes an exactly parallel case. The same sentiment is at the heart of both—the unconquerable shrinking from initial pain, even though it promise to repay itself by tenfold exemption in the future. Of course the agitators against vaccination and vivisection assure themselves that there are no repaying benefits to follow, and in a way they are sincere. But their sincerity is not that which comes from a cool-headed review of known facts; it is the sincerity of an emotion which has overwhelmed reason. An unbiassed deduction from the experience of smallpox epidemics, from the records of medical progress, must convince the most unwilling of us that the benefits of both vaccination and vivisection are real and appreciable. Whether they outweigh the death of a few weakly infants and the suffering of a few insensitive animals is another question—most people would readily answer it with a "Yes." The anti-vaccinators and anti-vivisectionists might, on consideration, answer it with a "No." But the instructive feature of their case is that they do not consider at all. They never get so far. The sight of the scabs on a baby's arm, the idea of the yelping of a tortured dog—the first hint

or imagining of physical pain—is enough to paralyze their reason.

The same blind horror of physical pain may be found at the bottom of half the 'isms of the day. In almost all, when they are strongly felt, it seems actually to destroy reason till the fad contradicts itself—as, for one more example, in the vegetarian, who abstains from beef and chicken out of pity for bullocks and fowls, yet eats butter and eggs without ever asking to what fate he is thus dooming superfluous bull-calves and cockerels. The like unconscious self-condemnation awaits our humanitarians when they pass from the domain of physical to that of moral incapacity. Nowhere do they show their sentimentality and their unreason better combined than in what is called prison-reform. A plain man who sees the warm, airy, light, clean cells of British prisons is apt to ask himself wherein, but for the necessary loss of liberty, the hardship of punishment consists. Let him turn to the exponents of painlessness and he will discover that. Our prisons also, as well as our hospitals, are dens of hideous cruelty. When he tries to find out what it is all about, he discovers that some prisoners have meagre fare, that a few are set to really hard, physical work, that convicts spend a small part of their sentence without constant companionship, that habitual insubordinates can, on a magistrate's order, be whipped with a whipcord cat, and that warders do not always speak to convicts with respect. This is called cruel, tending to madness, brutalizing. Our grandfathers would have laughed at such charges. Such cruelty, they would have replied, would come not amiss to wife-beaters, ravishers, swindlers: if a man goes mad in nine months, although he can constantly speak to his fellow-prisoners at exercise or when at work about the corridors, then his mental balance is no loss to himself or anybody; the very cat can hardly brutalize him, since he has to be brutal before he could earn it. But such replies are not for our soft-hearted generation. Instead, they point

us westward to free America, whose felons, as a native authority has said, are "better housed, fed, clad and comforted than the laboring poor of any other portion of the globe;" whose housebreakers feed on beef-steaks and hot biscuits for breakfast, and street-walkers get jam to their tea. They point us to Elmira, that university mis-called a prison, where the embezzler is taught German, shorthand and telegraphy, and the disguise-artist is encouraged to model in wax.

It is all one more outcrop of exactly the same folly. Avoid immediate pain—no matter at what cost hereafter. And here again the folly is exactly as ironically self-destroying. It would be absurd to ask whether criminals inflict or suffer the more pain. It may be all one to you whether pain be deserved or not; to save the guilty the greater suffering, you may, as would willingly many of our crack-brained sentimentalists, inflict the lesser upon the innocent. But this is exactly what they do not do; to save the guilty the lesser evil, they plague the guiltless with the greater. In point of fact, the modern vice of pampering criminals may fairly be held to cause greater inconvenience both to the innocent victims and to the interesting agents. For laxity does not reform. It was supposed that the University Extension course of Elmira did prevent those who had experienced it from returning for a future term of instruction; only one day it came out that the lectures on Moral Philosophy were supplemented by smacking with a sort of butter-patter, and we may fairly attribute the deterrent effect to the bodily influence rather than the spiritual. For the rest, crime increases in lax America. In Great Britain—severe by comparison with America, though lax enough when you consider the punishments of former days—crime is decreasing. The only other European country of which you can say the same is Belgium, where our humanitarians will hold up horrified hands to hear that sentences of nine years' solitary confinement are enforced, and that a sort of convalescent



prison is needed to bring the criminal gradually back to his reason. No such barbarity for us! Among us you will find a tumult of voices ever crying aloud for less, not more, severity. And, so far as crime can be checked or encouraged by punishment, they are asking for reforms that will spread crime, involve more frequent if less sure terms of detention for criminals, and thus add prodigiously to the sum-total of suffering among guilty and guiltless alike. Here once more the gospel of painlessness recoils to its own defeat.

Nowhere will you find the new doctrine better exemplified than in politics. It is a guiding principle of that school which delights to cry down British methods, British policy, British achievements. If pain, as such, is the one great evil, it is all one whose pain it is. There is no more distinction between your own countryman and another. There is no more tragedy in the death of your countryman doing his duty than in the death of an Orukzal who shoots his uncles from behind walls. There is no such possibility as patriotism left. You will start reasonably enough: the true patriot, you will say, desires the highest good of his country, which is not to be found in killing Orukzals; and though you hold an Orukzal's life just as high as a Gordon Highlander's, you do not hold it a whit higher. An Armenian is a human life and a Turk is a human life, and the one is as precious as the other. You may start with these plausible principles, but you will not maintain them. The very friction with your simpler fellows, who hold any one British life worth any half-dozen others, will irritate your theoretic philanthropy into a steady prepossession against your own countrymen. The sight of any man violating your precept will stir your humane indignation to a bloodthirsty desire for the suffering of the violator. This is called righteous anger, but in its effects, had it but free play, it is the old irony—humanitarianism defeating its own end. What better instance than the Anglo-Armenians, who first fanatically

swallow oriental tales of outrage, then frantically exaggerate and agitate till they have stirred the half truth into hideous reality; then they are for war and slaughter, as though a stream of blood were to be slaked by a deluge. The professed war-haters have been of late the very men who cry most savagely for a war more deadly than a century of barbarous faction-fighting. The party of force-at-no-price, of abstract quixotic justice, is the first to find unsuspected—and non-existent—points in favor of the United States when the republic makes baseless claims on their own country and backs them by unmannerly bluster. It must be so inevitably. No man is so superhuman in his dry intelligence that he can keep a principle impartially applied to affairs that stir the passions of nations. And he that is not with his country is against it.

Perhaps these are illustrations enough. It is not alleged that the various modern tendencies here touched on are all ramifications of a gigantic conspiracy laboring to impose its formula on the world. They have their family likeness and their mutual sympathies, but their fundamental unity is unconscious. Yet that fundamental unity exists: the elevation of pain and—not pleasure, mark, but—the absence of pain into the ultimate standards of evil and good. Applied without common-sense or self-control, it is plain that this standard works its own undoing. But that, it will be urged, is no valid aspersion on the standard itself. Would not the test of avoidance of pain, honestly and judiciously applied, furnish a trustworthy guide for public action? Does not civilization itself consist exactly in this—in an organized common effort for the extinction, so far as it is attainable, of pain and of death?

Certainly there is a measure of truth in this. The organization of a civilized State is a vast conspiracy for the preservation of life. A rank socialist might see his way to denying this; yet it remains undeniable that even for the lowest, weakest and poorest, a modern



civilized State gives such security of life as the low and weak and poor know in no other form of society. Civilization lays a restraining hand on the strong and bold, who would bully us: it furnishes great devices and combinations whereby we may win comforts from nature which, without them, would be too hard for us. It finds incubators to help us into the world, and disinfectants to keep us from helping our fellows out of it.

Certainly civilization does all this. And yet there is no divine virtue in civilization, either the word or the thing. If civilization is a conspiracy for the preservation of puny life, lowering the physical standard of the race, then civilization may be no blessing, but a curse. Civilization, further, is not only not divine; it is human. If its broad and general tendencies are unrecognized by those in the stream of them, they are not less products of human will. We can change or guide the stream of civilization, after all; it behooves us the more, therefore, to look anxiously to its direction.

The present direction in Britain appears on the above showing to be a wrong one; and if we are not careful it will lead us straight to national perdition. Civilization is making it much too easy to live; humanitarianism is turning approval of easiness of living into the one standard of virtue. A wiser civilization would look, not to the indiscriminate preservation of life, but to the quality of the life preserved. A wiser humanitarianism would make it easy for the lower quality of life to die. It sounds brutal, but why not? We have let brutality die out too much. Our horror of pain has led us to foster only the softer virtues and leave the harsher alone. Again, it sounds absurd even to use such a phrase as "harsher virtues"—though Aristotle, to take one instance of a man perhaps as wise as we, knew very well what they are. His ideal of character was not the kind man, nor the man opposed to corporal punishment, nor the man superior to mere patriotism, but the great-souled man.

This quality is "the crown of all virtues; it enhances them, and cannot begin to exist without them." And among the attributes of the great-souled man were these. He was the man "who holds himself worthy of great deserts, and is so worthy. . . . The great-souled man despises justly, whereas the crowd despises at hazard. To be respected by the lowly he holds as vulgar as to use his strength against the weak. . . . In his life he takes no heed of any but his friends: to do otherwise is servile; which is why all flatterers are coarse and all the lowly are flatterers. . . . He is no gossip; he will tattle neither of himself nor of others, for it is all one to him whether others praise or condemn him."

Nobody wants to re-establish a Greek standard of character for British men—the less so in that its results as handed down by the Greeks themselves are not over-worthy of admiration. Nevertheless, we might well admit these heathen virtues of proper pride and a sort of self-respecting egoism, and others, as a bracing tonic to our later morality. We ought not to forget to temper mercy with justice—even with that rude and brutal exercise of superiority which may be called natural justice. It was not by holding all men—not to say all beasts—as of equal right with ourselves that we made ourselves a great nation. It is not thus that we keep ourselves great. We became and are an imperial race by dealing necessary pain to other men, just as we become powerful men by dealing necessary pain to other animals—whether they be slaughtered oxen or hunted stags. There is no reason in gloating over the pain we have risen upon, but there is even less in pretending that it does not exist. We may as well recognize that if we are to remain, nationally and individually, fitted to cope successfully with nature, with rival animals and with rival men, we must find and observe some other virtues besides those which consist in combating pain. Already our gentler civilization has softened us physically. We make bicycle

records, but we are not prepared to converse coolly while having our legs cut off, as was the way of our great-grandfathers. We are better fed, better clothed, better housed than they were; probably we enjoy better health, and certainly we live longer. But we do not drink so well, love so well, suffer so well, fight so well; physically and emotionally we have subdued ourselves to a lower plane. Partly this follows inevitably on alleviated material conditions which we could not put back if we would; but partly it is due to the softening of our current ethics. It is believed in our generation that men who are ready to inflict pain are precisely the men who are unready to endure it; though, curiously, that same generation refuses to flog wife-beaters and assaulters of children. In their case the principle may be broadly true; but it was not true of our forefathers—covenanters, buccaneers, politicians, sailors, pitmen; what you will. They burned and marooned and beheaded and shot and fought cocks; but they were quite ready to bear the like sufferings when their turn came. So they bred hardihood; yet, brutes as you may call them, they still continued to be not less generous, loving, even self-sacrificing, than we. Within the limits they recognized as claiming their duty—family, friends, country—they could be all sweetness; outside they could be pitiless. On these painfully unhumanitarian principles they built the British empire.

At present we keep it on these principles—only we try not to let ourselves know it. We shoot down dervishes who are fighting for their religion as sincerely as did our own Ironsides, and Matabele who have every whit as pure a belief in the righteousness of slave-raiding as we in its iniquity; we drive Afridis into the bitter snow to starve because they think it well to steal rifles and shoot strangers, while we do not. The naked principle of our rule is that our way is the way that shall be walked in, let it cost what pain it may. Meantime, our humanitarians preach exactly the contrary. And if they are

right, we have two courses before us. Either we may go on, as now, conducting our empire by force, and pretend that we do so by charity and meekness; or we may cease to conduct it by force, and try to do so by charity and meekness. In the first case, we shall finally engrain hypocrisy as the dominant trait of our national character; in the second, we shall very soon have no national character or national self-esteem or national existence to lose.

As the savage virtues die out, the civilized vices spring up in their place. Pride gives way to the ambition to be thought to have a right to be proud; frank contempt and hatred are replaced by backbiting. The readiness to hurt or be hurt physically we exchange for a smoother but deadlier unscrupulousness. The duel was hissed out of England because it killed the body; in its stead reigns scandal, which kills the soul. Sport, which slaughters beasts, is yielding to betting on professional athletics, which fritters away the minds of men. As we become more sensitive to physical, we become more callous to mental, agony. An educated woman, a woman in society, a good woman, will whimper for a week if her child is to have a mole cut from its cheek, and cannot bear to see the operation, lest she should faint at the sight of blood. But she will dress herself carefully and attend a trial for murder, dividing her operaglass impartially, while the jury are away, between such part of the face of the accused as he cannot cover with his hands and the face of his wife. And yet, when that man is proved a cold-blooded murderer, this good woman will be the first to shudder at the reflection that he is to be hanged. We talk of our age as spiritual, but what is this but gross materialism? Pain is no longer to be considered unless it can be felt with the body. So, while we shudder at the pains of a small war, and would go to almost any humiliation to avert a great one, we are every year more in bondage to industrial strife—to the blind selfishness of the locker-out and

the malignant factiousness of the trade-unionist. Here is more materialism: death is not death unless you can see the bleeding bodies. But then, of course, industrial war only ruins our country: the other kind of war might hurt foreigners. For—deplorably, perhaps, but incontestably—the content of the human affections is limited; and the more love we spare for men of other race and speech and color, the less we have left from our own.

And what a pitiful spirit in itself, this new crusade against pain! It is not the cult of pleasure—that its votaries would be the first to disclaim. It is a creed purely negative—a creed, therefore, inferior to the merest epicureanism. A moral code that is positive is at least a creed that makes a man more of a man; a code that is all negative—all *antis* and no *pros*—makes nothing but a protesting machine—a string of self-righteous formulas. We must not hurt stags, and we must not whip criminals, and we must not, it now appears, cut out cancers; but what may we do? Attend league football matches, teach garroters moral philosophy, and dose the cancerous with homœopathic globules? The substitutes are inadequate enough; but to do justice to those whom we are protesting against, it is not they who propose such substitutes. Faddists propose many ridiculous remedies for imaginary diseases; but the newest kind of sentimental humanitarian is not necessarily or even generally a faddist. He or she has simply a vague shudder at the thought of pain, and often backs it up by no *fad* or positive suggestion at all; it is merely a sentiment without principle. Only that sentiment is coming more and more to suffuse and to inspire all our British thought—the shudder is beginning to be accepted instead of a code of morality. It is all for forbidding and no permitting, for undoing and no doing, for an abstract average common weal, but no concrete individual weal. It tends toward a compact by which we shall all us of covenant to do nothing lest one of us might hurt

another. It is not the frame of mind which makes great fortunes, or great nations, or great men. No; nor even good men. Unless a good man is good in quite another way from a good horse or a good table, he is a man who most fully embodies the properties of a man; which object is assuredly not attained by the mere refusal to give or suffer pain. Goodness is difficult to define, and still more difficult to dogmatize about, but it is at least safe to say that it consists in action, not in abstinence from action. To suppose that it lies in a negative, even of the most amiable kind, is an emasculation of the word fit only to produce a nation of blameless, praiseless nobodies. "It is our sins that make us great."

The idea that pain is the worst of evils destroys many virtues which we cannot afford to lose; it fosters many vices which we could gratefully spare; it is a bloodless, unfruitful basis for morality. And for the last point, it is in most cases—not in all, but in most—a lie. The people that pretend to elevate it to a principle do not really believe it. Out of paradox, out of moral self-conceit, out of genuine tenderness of heart, they may say they do; but at heart they generally do not. How many genuinely believe, and practically enforce the belief, that a beast's pain should outweigh a man's profit? How many genuinely believe that a wife-beater should not be beaten? How many truly think that it is as deplorable that an Afriid should be shot as that a Briton should? There are some such possibility: you will know them by their refusal to drink milk, their habit of allowing themselves to be pushed in a crowd without pushing back, their readiness to give their daughters in marriage to savages. With the rest, humanitarianism is not a principle, but a weakness. It is even a vicarious cowardice. By sympathy they transfer the pain of others to themselves, and their pity is not benevolence, but dislike of sensations painful to themselves. Now it is nobody's duty to like painful sensations; but in a

world full of them, and for all we can see inevitably full of them, it is everybody's duty to face them. To refuse to do so will certainly do little enough towards their extinction. And to the few who do honestly try to abolish the painful as such, we may make bold to say that, should they succeed, mankind would be poorer, weaker and even unhappier without it.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE MAN OF THE THIRD SILENCE.

"Three Silences there are : the first of speech,  
The second of desire, the third of thought.  
These Silences, commingling each with each,  
the perfect Silence that he sought."  
—LONGFELLOW.

#### CHAPTER I.

A man in deep thought was walking slowly through the village—a little village at the foot of the Schwarzwald. He was a newcomer, and the villagers watched him as he passed.

"*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed, "it is lovely, this spot"—and then to himself, "A garden of Eden, made to refresh man. Oh, what a contrast to the gay Paris! The quiet of this little place, and the friendliness of the villagers, does one worlds of good."

Then, throwing his head back and gazing up at the blue sky, he continued: "Ah! had I only been born poet, then could I have sung how this tiny village lay in a cool and shady valley, how the scent from the pinewoods was wafted down by soft breezes, the sawmill hummed in concert with the bees, and the folk—who are altogether charming—lived in peace."

Then, after a pause, "Here is the Maison Grise. I would that no wall surrounded it, that the next-door garden and my garden were one, and that Margaretha—I heard someone call her Margaretha—was not obliged to be on one side of the wall and I on the other; but it is quite in vain to wish." And the stranger, tall and upright, passed

through the grey door that led into his garden.

In a balcony that overlooked the garden of the Maison Grise there stood a girl, whose hair was golden as the sunlight, and her eyes clear blue as the heavens.

"Tante," she said, calling softly into the room beyond the balcony—"Tante, our Thoughtful Man has just returned! I heard the gate close."

The aunt came out into the balcony.

"He thinks a very great deal," continued Margaretha pensively, "and sometimes I see him walking silently round and round his garden with his hands behind his back, his face so very grave; and he seems to have no friends."

"Perhaps he has a trouble," suggested the aunt; "perhaps his home is not happy, or he may be a poet."

The aunt delighted in possibilities.

"Or," she continued, "it may be that he is an invalid, and has come here for his health, and *natürlich* he looks grave."

"But he walks far," objected Margaretha, "and holds himself upright, so he cannot be very ill."

"It is a riddle, *Herzchen*, and after all it is no affair of ours; but one cannot help feeling sorry for him, and when one is sorry one is perforce interested."

Nearly every day the conversation of the aunt and niece turned on the subject of the Thoughtful Man—as they called him—and each day brought a fresh discovery connected with him; on one occasion they were convinced that he was a soldier, on another that he was fond of flowers—Margaretha said she could see that quite easily by the way he picked them; but, though they found out many little traits in their neighbor's character, they were still puzzled to know why he had come to the village, and the aunt had, in the end, to admit that it was "a riddle, *Herzchen*."

To the villagers, also, he was an object of considerable interest, for visit-

ors, in those days, were seldom seen in so quiet a place.

"It's the stranger again," said a waggoner in a blue blouse, and he nodded approval as he caught sight of the tall figure; he stopped making pistol-like reports with his whip, so engrossed was he in watching the Thoughtful Man.

The villagers also came out of their cottages to look at him as he passed by.

"French?" one of them said.

"Ei, to be sure," replied another. "See—his boots and beard are pointed, but he is fine to look upon, and he told the man who works with Jacob's brother in the fields that this place was more beautiful than Paris; what think you of that?" And the speaker nodded emphatically.

"Than Paris?" ejaculated the others.

"Ei, than Paris."

And the Frenchman rose many degrees in the good opinion of the villagers; besides, they said, his smile was so kindly, and he returned their greetings in such a friendly way.

When the curé came by, the Thoughtful Man would raise his hat with courtesy, and the curé would return the salute, and remember that he had seen this stranger in church, for the face was a striking one, and not easily forgotten; such a face as children look up to without fear, because the deep-set eyes expressed great sympathy, and a tenderness that was strong and manly.

This Frenchman seldom spoke, but when he did it was curious to note how people would turn at the sound of his voice, and quite unconsciously stop to listen.

The first evening that he entered the little *bier-garten* at the end of the street, every German there assembled turned round to see who had just spoken; the Thoughtful Man immediately rose from his seat, bowed, smiled upon the Germans, and sat down again. This little action seemed in a moment to make him the principal figure of that *garten*.

"If they are not thin, they are, indeed, friendly," thought the Frenchman when presently a German came ponderously across the room to inquire if

Monsieur would partake of a *bock-bier* with him.

The Thoughtful Man expressed himself as charmed; then he spoke of the beauty of the village, the magnificence of the hills, the possibilities of the grape harvest, but not a word of himself, and it was not until long after his visit had ended that anyone in the village knew whence and wherefore he had come.

After a little while it was noticed that the movements of the mysterious newcomer were unvaried—an early rise, an early departure, always made in the same direction, a return before eventide, a stroll to the *bier-garten*, or, more frequently, round his own garden.

This formed the routine, until one day it was broken by a storm, a storm of wind that tossed the pinewoods of the Schwarzwald to and fro, and rocked the pear-tree that grew close to the wall in Margaretha's garden, till some of the fruit dropped on to the next-door path.

The Thoughtful Man, walking round his garden in the calm that followed the storm, gathered the brown and faintly-blushing fruit into a basket, penned a polite little note of explanation, and returned the pears to their owner.

"But the rose wasn't blown down from the pear-tree, Tante," laughed Margaretha, as she took the flower out of the basket.

"*Aber nein*, it is there by mistake; but," added the aunt, "to restore the fruit is exceedingly thoughtful of Monsieur—I must acknowledge his kindness." And she wrote back a letter of thanks, which ended with the hope that Monsieur would come and claim the fruit, which had been fortunate enough to fall into his hands.

But the Thoughtful Man did not come, for when he received the note he became still more thoughtful.

"I cannot, I dare not go," he said sorrowfully; "it would be very far from right; it is not possible."

Hurriedly, for he feared to hesitate, he wrote his excuses with a thousand apologies.



"I would have given *worlds* to go," he murmured as he closed the note.

The result of this note of refusal was to double the interest taken in the dweller of the *Maison Grise*.

"It is a strange thing that he should be so occupied day by day," said the aunt wonderingly.

"To be such an ever-busy man that he cannot call for a basket of pears—*nun*, *Margaretha*, what do you think?"

"That he would rather not come."

"I am not quite sure of that," returned the aunt; "see—he is once more glancing this way."

The stranger next door was walking slowly backwards and forwards in his garden; his hands were clasped behind his back, and whenever he reached a certain turning of the path he raised his eyes quickly to the balcony; he believed that the aunt who was knitting, and that the niece, whose golden head was bent over a book, never even noticed him.

This was his last evening at the *Maison Grise*; he had received some news and was leaving hurriedly on the morrow.

"Assuredly," he said to himself as he entered the house, "I have been very long in learning to do my duty, and it seems to me that I have not learnt yet. It is my duty to speak neither to the niece nor to the aunt, but how—how can I go without one word of farewell—to *Mar-ga-retha*?" And he dwelt longingly on the name. "Ah, *Margaretha*, *Margaretha*!" he cried out in the fullness of his sadness; "never can I forget thee, whate'er may happen—and the village home that shelters thee!"

But he never spoke to the aunt or to *Margaretha*: he never saw them again.

The following day he walked slowly out of the grey door—for the last time. He looked back at the *Maison Grise*, and at the balcony over the wall; then he passed down the street.

Though troubled with many anxieties, he turned out of his way to say good-bye to an old peasant he had often passed in the village street.

"*Ei*, mein Herr, cannot you stay with

us until the corn is gathered?" said the genial old fellow, waving his sickle enthusiastically.

The Thoughtful Man shook his head and smiled.

"I would always stay here if I were allowed to do as I liked," he said, and then he hurried away.

But when he reached the end of the street the diligence was not yet in sight; he would have to wait. He looked anxiously towards the bend of the road. There was a gentle whirring sound from a sawmill close by, and there came past him a wagon overflowing with rich red clover, and drawn by mild-faced oxen. This was the last impression he had of the village; it was an impression that remained with him to the end of his life.

"*Tante*," said *Margaretha*, shading her eyes from the sun and looking down the street from the balcony, "the Thoughtful Man has gone—I think he is not coming back. He carried a little valise, and went in the direction of the diligence."

"I feel sorry——"

"Sorry that he has gone, *Tante*?"

"No; I was going to say that I felt sorry for him. He is not altogether happy, I am sure." Then meditatively: "How curious it is, *Margaretha*, to have a suddenly-come stranger next door, speak not even a word to you, stay only a few days, then depart as suddenly as arrived, and yet in that short time to have interested one far more than near relations have done in a lifetime."

*Margaretha* was about to make some reply when the front door bell was pealed with terrific force.

The fierceness of German gendarmes is magnificent, their zeal is stupendous; this is well known; but to ring a bell as though many lives hung upon the issue thereof shows that there can be no limit to their energy.

"*Nun*, who peals the bell in such a way?" cried the aunt, and she leant over the balcony to see.

But by this time the gendarmes, scarlet in the fact, and swelling with the importance of their discovery, had been



admitted into the house, and were already mounting the stairs.

"Fräulein," they ejaculated, "it is necessary that we should search this house. A spy has escaped us, he has fled, he lived next door, but his person is now concealed in this house."

This last statement was made with assurance. The gendarmes paused for breath, and the aunt and niece said never a word.

"This spy is a Frenchman," continued the officials, with ill-concealed hatred. "He is about forty years of age—he is tall—he wears a pointed beard."

"It would be well to search everywhere, then," said the aunt after a pause. "I will accompany you." And she led the gendarmes through every room, from the top of the house to the bottom, even down to the cellars.

"There is yet one more place," said the aunt rather breathlessly, for the news that the gendarmes had brought and the consequent hurrying from room to room were both unusual—"an arbor in the garden we will show you."

This was the end of the search, and the gendarmes bowed.

"We are satisfied that the person of Monsieur is not here," they said with importance; wishing thereby to convey to the ladies that the non-discovery of the Frenchman was no failure but a triumph in research, and then they left the house.

"Tante!"

"Margaretha."

"It is a mistake," said the aunt.

"And quite untrue," cried Margaretha. "A spy indeed!"

## CHAPTER II.

Nearly a whole year had rolled by since Margaretha had seen the Thoughtful Man turn his head to take a last look at the house, as he quitted the *Maison Grise*. There had been no change in the village since then; nothing to disturb its restful routine. The little tide of humanity flowed placidly through the street, the sawmill hummed and whirled with soothing evenness, the grapes in the vineyards once more ripened in the hazy heat of

the summer months, and there came round again the Corpus Christi festival, when the villagers in the early morning wended their way through the woods to the cathedral city, beyond the bend of the valley, returning later for the service in their own humbler church.

But this tranquillity would not be for very long. A change was at hand; for of late there had been rumors of troubles, of hostile preparations, massing of troops, conscriptions; and these reports had at length reached the village in the valley, filling the folk with vague fears; and the curé, pondering over what he had heard, preached to his people at this festival on peace.

In a few earnest, simple words he described the hitherto tranquil life that they had lived.

"Not until discord and fierce tumult have come among us do we realize how beautiful is peace," he said, looking down sorrowfully at his congregation. "But be comforted, my people, be comforted, for there is a merciful God who will bring us peace. Oh, pray for that peace!" he cried, raising his voice. "Pray for it; and then, if you have had faith, if you have trusted, there will come to you that peace which passeth all understanding—all understanding." And the curé's voice died down almost into a whisper.

When the sermon was ended there came a deep silence, broken only by the half-stifled sobs of the women and the rustling of drapery as the sign of the cross was made.

Then there rose up softly from the choir the beseeching notes of the *Ora Pro Nobis*, gradually swelling louder and louder as the congregation joined in, and in the fulness of their hearts cried "*Ora—ora pro nobis*" with deepest emotion.

Margaretha returned home with the curé's words still ringing in her ears. There was a look of wonder in her wide open eyes. "War," she said tremulously to herself—"war—what will it be like?" And then, as she recalled the pictures she had seen of battles, a great fear took the place of wonderment, and tears rushed to her eyes. But gradu-

ally the comforting words of the little curé came back to her, and when she reached the house, she was able to break gently the news to her aunt.

"Do you know," said Margaretha a few days later, "that it is just a year to-day that the Thoughtful Man left us?"

"A year!" exclaimed the aunt, counting a stitch of her knitting twice over. "A year—can it be possible?" And she let the worsted fall into her lap, while she gazed into the garden next door.

"I wonder," she said presently, "if he returned safely to his own country; it was very sudden, his going, was it not, *Herzchen*?"

Margaretha started; she too had been thinking—deep thoughts.

"Yes, Tante, it was all so sudden that I sometimes think he must still be in the village, and I do believe I should not be in the least startled if I saw him come through the grey door, and walk round his garden; it would seem quite natural."

"Yes," added the aunt; "he became quite part of the village, though he was so mysterious, so reserved, and he——"

The sentence was never finished. A deep booming of cannon rolled through the valley. Both women sprang to their feet and clung to one another.

"Margaretha, hark—there it is again." And once more the distant roar was echoed back by the hills.

A horseman dashed past at a mad gallop, and people now began to come out of their doorways and hurry up and down the street.

Margaretha and her aunt stood silently in the balcony, and the guns still thundered in the distance.

The aunt began to cry softly.

"I could never be happy in any other place," she said between her sobs. "I could not move—I could not live."

"Tante, dear," said Margaretha very quietly, "we will both stay here; we will never leave the village."

The following day the tide of war had rolled nearer to the village in the valley. A never-ending stream of Prussians was

passing all day long through the little street, and there was a constant rumbling of heavy ammunition wagons. But only a few of the soldiers stayed in the village, the rest marched on through the valley and out into the plain beyond.

One night, when the village was wrapped in darkness, there crept up through the woods a detachment of a French regiment; it lay encamped so close that only a mile of pine woods and a stretch of vineyards separated it from the Prussians in the village below.

The whole attention of the Prussians was centred in the forces in the valley, and the dull booming of the guns could be distinctly heard in the village—it had continued incessantly throughout the day; but the enemy on the hill were at present unobserved. Their close proximity was chiefly due to the major in command of the detachment having an intimate knowledge of the locality—every rock and by-path were familiar to him.

In a clearing among the dark pines strode the major with measured steps. He had despatched a reconnoitring party—under cover of the night—to find out the weak points of the defence near the village, and was now waiting for the report.

The major had had peremptory orders that he was to take the village, hold it, and remain there until reinforced.

After a long absence the scouting party returned; they had found out nothing, reported the sergeant; they had lost their way—the vineyards were interminable—there was no escaping from them when once in—it had been impossible to discover the way in the dark. All this the old soldier said with a fierce look in his eyes; he was furious at the failure—he asked permission to go again.

But this was refused him. The major, as has been already mentioned, knew perfectly the locality, the little paths in the vineyards were all well known to him, and he resolved to go down to the village himself. Pacing under the pines he carefully weighed the *pros* and *cons*, for he was a man who

thought deeply over all that he undertook; he had even, in this self-same valley, been named the Thoughtful Man.

Presently he called his subordinate officers to him and told them of his project. They remonstrated—they wished to go themselves—it was not right that he should go, they said.

"As every foot of the way is known to me, I think I might be trusted with this little affair," replied the major, smiling; then turning to one of the officers—"And if I do not return within three hours you will please take over the command."

Enveloping himself in his long cloak, and changing his military cap for a soft felt hat, he disappeared through the trees. The smile died out of his face as soon as he was alone; his heart was heavy within him, and a sigh escaped his lips.

"Ah, what fate—that, of all places in the world, this village should have been the one chosen!" he said beneath his breath.

Treading his way swiftly along the narrow path he soon reached the fringe of the vineyard that ran up the slope of the hill, then he stopped; the path seemed to lose itself among the black masses of trees, for there was no moon, and the night was very dark.

The officer listened; he was striving to remember some landmark. He retraced his steps for a short distance and listened again. But there was no sound in the wood.

"Strange," he said to himself, "that I cannot hear it." Then he descended the hill again and listened; this time the silence of the wood was broken by the bubbling of a little stream.

The way was clear to him now.

This stream ran straight through the vineyard, the vines being trained close to the water's edge, and the Thoughtful Man followed its course, sometimes creeping along the bank, sometimes wading through the water.

Upon emerging into the open, he walked without haste in the direction of the village, the dark broken outline of which he could see rising up before him, and, helped by the good fortune

that ever seems to favor the brave, he reached some outlying buildings without a challenge.

Beyond these buildings was an orchard of cherry trees; the Frenchman climbed the gate that led into it, and making his way cautiously among the trees, had almost reached the first cottage of the street, when a dry twig snapped suddenly—the sound came from behind.

The Thoughtful Man cast a rapid glance over his shoulder—he caught sight of an indistinct form moving through the trees towards him, and, like a flash, he flung himself down into the long, damp grass; he lay at full length, on his back, with one arm outstretched. The steady tramp of the approaching footsteps sounded nearer.

"A sentry. Oh, the misfortune!" said the Thoughtful Man to himself; then he held his breath as the Prussian came on. He heard the swishing of the footsteps through the long grass—saw a huge form towering above him—and the next moment a heavily-booted foot fell with a crushing weight upon his outstretched hand.

The major clutched at the blades of grass with his other hand—to have something within his grasp seemed to lessen the pain—he bit his lip, and moved not an inch.

The Prussian, noticing nothing, passed on.

"It was very near," said the Frenchman, as he bandaged up his hand and entered the village street.

All was silent, the street was apparently deserted, and as the Thoughtful Man walked past the familiar cottages, there came back to him the recollection of past days; it seemed to him that he was only returning to the *Maison Grise* after a long day's walk, so little had the village changed. Nor had the *Maison Grise* altered; but the grey door was closed, and large white shutters covered the windows.

Just beyond there was another house—a house with a balcony; he gazed for a few long minutes at the house, then, with his hands behind his back and his head bent down, he walked on. He had

only taken a few steps when from the end of the street there sounded loudly the clattering of hoofs; a mounted Prussian came cantering down the road.

Close by was the recessed doorway of the house with the balcony; in the shadow of this he stood, and watched the Prussian as he rode by. He was safe—fate was kind to him that day; but it seemed passing strange to the Thoughtful Man that this house should protect him, and that on the morrow he would in return attack it. He lingered in the doorway, hoping to hear a foot-fall, a voice, in truth any sound that would tell him if the house were still occupied; but no sound came, and he strode out into the street thinking, at that moment, more of the house that had sheltered him than of the danger in which he had been. Then rousing himself with an effort he scattered the pictures he had conjured up of the past.

"*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed, "dreaming will not help me to get out of this again."

His intention had been to leave the village by the opposite end to which he had entered, but in a few minutes he was confronted by a dark mass stretched across the road: it was a barricade. From this the Thoughtful Man drew his own conclusions; he had seen enough, and he dived down a narrow passage between two cottages.

The vineyard lay a hundred yards beyond, but between the major and the edge of the vines there was an open space, broken up only by a few stunted shrubs.

He had nearly gone half of the distance, when, on the top of some rising ground, there appeared a figure darkly outlined against the sky.

The Frenchman walked steadily on towards the shrubs without looking to right or left.

Then a voice cried out, "Who goes there?"

He dashed past the shrubs; and the voice challenged again.

"Halt!"

But he continued his way. There

was a report, that rang out loudly in the silence, and a bullet screaming past him went with a thud into the ground. He plunged into the first line of vines, and at the same moment a second shot was fired; the vine leaves overhead fluttered down at his feet; then he heard voices—the guard had turned out.

Thrusting aside the foliage he crashed his way through the vineyard.

In the village the sentry was being reprimanded for having fired at a shrub.

Half an hour later the Thoughtful Man was back again in camp. He gave no definite orders when he returned, but alone he paced to and fro under the dark pines. He was tortured with a fearful uncertainty; the issue of the morrow hung in the balance. To take the village was his duty—but to leave it—to relinquish the attack when the advantages to be reaped thereby were so great, could not fail to be judged as a most heinous offence.

Yet the recollection of those village scenes of a year ago was still fresh in his memory, and at this moment seemed to come the more vividly before him: the happy peasants who had been so friendly; the little round-faced curé busy among his people, and doing good with such unselfishness; Margaretha and her aunt—Margaretha! He could see her still, leaning over the balcony; the village itself, the old sawmill with its roof of green moss, the fat oxen drawing complacently the cart of clover.

Then, on the other hand, he foresaw the result of his attack upon the village; he saw his men sweep through the little street—from end to end—and pass on victorious.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried as he pictured it all in his mind, "we shall leave behind us, not the village, but a place of death and desolation!"

And the wind sighed sadly among the dark firs.

A broken barricade across the street; a piled-up wreck of furniture, of homely chairs and tables, walls riddled with bullets, thatched roofs burning, the one little street full of dead and dying.

These were the scenes that appeared before him with dread reality.

Last of all he saw his men firing upon a house, and round that house there was a balcony.

"*Ciel!*" he exclaimed fiercely—"it is impossible. Oh, *Mon Dieu*, I dare not, I cannot decide now!"

Worn out with anxiety the major wrapped his cloak around him and slept.

At length the day broke; the soft morning mists floated up from the valley and the rising sun tipped the mountain tops with pink.

The Frenchman rose up; from where he stood, through a parting in the firs, he could see the village below; it was bathed in a silver light and lay in perfect silence, for the guns had ceased to thunder.

Then from a farmstead—nearer to the hill than the village—a cock crowing triumphantly proclaimed the dawn.

The tranquil beauty of the scene impressed the Thoughtful Man strangely.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said reverently, "this is the loveliest spot on this most beautiful earth"—and he strained his eyes to try and see the village more clearly. He could almost make himself believe that, among the cottages, the *Maison Grise* and the balcony next door were distinguishable—even the little saw-mill—and he smiled sadly as the recollection of the past happiness came to his mind.

Soon there was a movement in the camp; the men were beginning to stir.

The Frenchman started from his reverie; he had been forgetful of everything but the village.

"It is daybreak now," he said slowly. "I must decide, for—for the attack was to be at daybreak."

His voice trembled and he passed his hand across his forehead. It is during such moments as these that a man seems to live all his life over again, and more than that, to see before him his future, the future that he creates by his own resolutions, by his own acts.

Then he looked down once more at the village, he put his hand upon his sword, his lips moved, and he turned abruptly away; in a voice that was clear and de-

cided he gave a word of command, and the whole detachment went marching down the hill, away from the village.

"*Tonnerre!* what is this?" gasped the old sergeant. "He is afraid, *ce lâche là*. What is to become of us when our commanders turn traitor? The day is lost!" And he swore again.

On that same day the French army began to retreat; the scene of the war was changed, and the thundering guns were heard no more in the valley.

The village slept in peace.

The court-martial was over, and the Thoughtful Man sentenced to death; he had neglected to do his duty, he had been found guilty of cowardice. Before the court his sword had been broken, and the decorations stripped from his breast.

At dawn they led him out into the square. The sun glimmered along the line of levelled rifles. For a moment there was silence; the major stood erect, waiting for the end. Then came the sharp words of command—the volley was fired.

"Ah! the end of it all is—peace," said the Thoughtful Man; then he fell forward on his face.

C. J. KIRKBY FENTON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MACAULAY AND LUCIAN.

A copy of Lucian's works which had belonged to Lord Macaulay came into my possession a few years ago. It is the well-known Amsterdam edition of 1743, with the Latin version of Hemsterhuis and Gesner accompanied by their notes on the text, together with those of Moses du Soul and other scholars, completed under the direction and with the commentary of Reitz. It is not, however, with the joint labors of these learned Grecians, or the merits of their copious and extensive disquisitions, that I am now concerned. The interest belonging to this particular copy



is due only to the accident of its possession by the great writer whose name, in spite of intermittent efforts to cloud its reputation, must ever retain its peculiar fascination. As in all, or nearly all, Macaulay's books, the passages which took his fancy are heavily scored with pencil-marks, and often accompanied by brief and singularly instructive comments. The dates on which he began and ended the whole work, and the number of times he had read particular portions, are carefully recorded. Sir George Trevelyan, in his delightful biography of his uncle, has given frequent instances of this practice in the well-thumbed copies of the classics which were Macaulay's constant companions; and the opinion of so great a master of style on compositions which are the immortal types of literary excellence lends its chief value to the record of his immense reading. Though the great masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature are independent of the approval of any individual authority, however high, it must always be interesting to learn the thoughts which they have inspired in the minds of eminent men who have themselves earned the rank of classics. In this belief I offer these few illustrations of Macaulay's estimate of Lucian, and of the influence which the wit, the eloquence and the judgment of this accomplished Syrian may have had in forming or confirming his opinion on some important subjects of literature, and in suggesting any of the lighter productions of his pen. Space will not permit the consideration of more than one or two of the subjects of which Lucian treats, but these will, I think, be sufficient to exemplify the suggestive effects of this original writer on Macaulay's receptive and fruitful mind.

"I began Lucian," writes Macaulay on the first page of this edition, "at Calcutta, November 17th, 1835. I began with the *Θεῶν διάλογοι*." His last entry at the conclusion of the third volume is: "Finished Lucian, March 3d, 1836, the day on which we left our house in order to have it repaired for

the rains."<sup>1</sup> It may not be out of place to quote here a passage from his letter to Ellis, dated May 30th, 1836, printed in the first volume of the biography, in which he amusingly records his satisfaction at his return to his house after the repairs, and which is as expressive in every particular of common experience to-day as it was then.

One execrable effect the climate produces. It destroys all the works of man with scarcely one exception. Steel rusts; razors lose their edge; thread decays; clothes fall to pieces; books moulder away, and drop out of their bindings; plaster cracks; timber rots; matting is in shreds. The sun, the steam of this vast alluvial tract, and the infinite armies of white ants, make such havoc with buildings that the house requires a complete repair every three years. Ours was in this situation about three months ago; and if we had determined to brave the rains without any precautions, we should, in all probability, have had the roof down on our heads. Accordingly, we were forced to migrate for six weeks from our stately apartments and our flower-beds, to a dungeon where we were stifled with the stench of native cookery, and deafened by the noise of native music. At last we have returned to our house. We found it all snow-white and pea-green; and we rejoice to think that we shall not again be under the necessity of quitting it, till we quit it for a ship bound on a voyage to London.

It was in this house, then, that he began Lucian with "The Dialogues of the Gods," the first and last of which were evidently read on the same day. On the 18th he read "The Marine Dialogues," following on the 19th with "The Dialogues of the Dead," concluded also on the same day. He then turned to the beginning of the volume and read "The Dream" and "Prometheus" on the 21st. Though all these are heavily scored in pencil, showing the care, as well as the rapidity, with which he had read them, and though their marginal annotations severally deserve to be noticed, I must for the present pass them by to remark on an instructive coincidence connected with "The Dream."

<sup>1</sup> The present Bengal Club.



Lucian, despite his great literary and historical value, both from pagan and Christian aspects, has been so long ignored in the schools of England, and even of Germany, that distinguished scholars and prize-men may pass through the universities with the reputation of considerable reading and yet know little or nothing about him. Macaulay himself, until he was five-and-thirty, had, as he says, but a schoolboy's acquaintance (perhaps the familiar omniscient schoolboy of his essays) with some of the "Dialogues of the Dead." No doubt there are a few of his writings, genuine or supposititious, which should not be put into the hands of youth; but, at the same time, there is much valuable material for a true understanding and interpretation of that critical period which marks the gradual scepticism in regard to the established mythology, and the transference of belief to that despised creed which Tacitus had branded as an execrable superstition. Perhaps no single writer, certainly none on the pagan side, has contributed to the overthrow of idolatry with the peculiar force which Lucian brought to bear upon it. Tertullian, a contemporary, who, before his conversion to Christianity, had pointed his keenest satire against it, after his adoption of that faith, employed his rugged dialectics against the heretics who corrupted it on the one side, and the Jews and pagans who attacked it on the other. He ridiculed the lusty delities of the Empire somewhat in the vein of Lucian, and asked why Lucullus should not be deified for bringing cherry-trees from Pontus to Rome, since Bacchus had received the same honor for introducing the vine, and claimed that Aristides, Socrates and other imperishable names were at least as worthy of divine honors as Jupiter and Venus. A century later the celebrated Arnobius and his greater disciple Lactantius, both converts from idolatry, and the latter a father of the Church, learned in the schools of paganism the arts by which they overthrew it; rallying the impotence and immoralities of Olympus, they pursued

the sophistries of heathen philosophy with relentless sarcasm, and confronted them with weapons of divine temper. But they, like Tertullian, were pleading for a cause which they had made their own, and their attack on the incredible absurdities of the old mythology, however forcible, lacked the destructive effect of a betrayal of the fortress from within. Lucian's merciless wit sapped the walls of the battered citadel, and made their gaping rents a subject of merriment to its half-hearted defenders. It is this great service of Lucian, unconsciously rendered to the new faith, with which he had but a very superficial acquaintance and, therefore, no sympathy, that, according to Sommerbrodt, made Melancthon insist upon a study of his writings in conjunction with those of Homer, Herodotus and Demosthenes, as an indispensable armory in defence of the Gospel. It is for their literary qualities, their wit, their delicate irony, their mixture of pathos and humor, their profound knowledge of character and of the motives of human action, their love of truth, their exposure of falsehood and hypocrisy, their Attic grace of style, that Erasmus praises these incomparable dialogues, whether regarded as an intellectual treat or for profitable reflection. It is on all these accounts that they are now strongly encouraged in Germany as a necessary, or at least an important, subject in the curriculum of the higher schools.

That they have hitherto been so strangely neglected in England must be my reason for reminding the reader of some particulars regarding the composition of "The Dream" which are necessary antecedents to the comparison I shall subsequently draw. The materials for a life of Lucian are extremely scanty, and chiefly furnished from scattered references in his own writings. Among these "The Dream" occupies the foremost place as determining his choice of the profession of letters, and its connection with an incident in the life of Macaulay gives it the special interest which I venture to claim for it.

Lucian was born at Samosata, the

metropolis of Commagene, a district of Syria lying between the Taurus and the Euphrates. The date of his birth, as of his death, is uncertain; but the interval approximately ranges from A.D. 120 to 200, or between the reigns of Hadrian and Severus. His father's condition he does not state, but his mother belonged to a family of statuaries, or image-makers, her father and two brothers following this, perhaps, traditional profession, to which he himself was first apprenticed, but soon abandoned. Where he first prosecuted his studies is unknown; but apparently it was in one of the Ionian cities, Ephesus and Smyrna being at the time among the chief seats of learning. It was in Ionia that Rhetoric, in her address to him in the "*Bis Accusatus*," says that she found him, while still a youth, speaking with a foreign accent and dressed in the Syrian fashion; and here, doubtless, and later at Athens, his great natural abilities, improved by severe study, gave him that knowledge of the Greek poets, dramatists and historians which is evident throughout his writings, and that mastery of style which renders some of his compositions, as Macaulay observes of that on "*Salaried Dependents*," worthy of the best age of Attic literature. At Antioch he took up the profession of a pleader, but the rude atmosphere of the courts was as little to his taste as polishing blocks of marble, and he soon left them to win fame and profit as a rhetorician. With this object he began his travels from Greece into Italy, Gaul and Macedonia. The public lectures, which were then in vogue among the Sophists, gave him the opportunity of reciting his pieces before appreciative audiences, and his success at Athens led to considerable emolument in other cities as a professor of an accomplishment so highly regarded. His versatility ranges through history, politics, philosophy, poetry, ethics and philology. Some of these dissertations are trifles, no longer than a paper of the *Spectator*, thrown off without effort, but always ingenious and entertaining; others show the accomplished

writer in full control of the resources of his wit, and with a sure judgment on all questions of literary taste. One of these, "*On the Manner of Writing History*," read by Macaulay six times over, well deserves his comment, *most excellent criticism*. Philosophy for a time absorbed his attention, but he was soon disgusted with the pretensions of those who usurped the name and belied the precepts of the founders of the great schools; and these impostors, equally with the impotent and profligate divinities of Olympus, came under the lash of his most unsparing ridicule. But it is as a moralist that he is conspicuously eminent; and, in the form of dialogue with the dramatic effect of the ancient comedies, his destructive criticism of the ethical theories and creeds of his day, for its exquisite banter and incisive wit, rich with invention and often full of the profoundest pathos, recalls the greatest masters of satire, yet with a character peculiarly his own. He eventually obtained from the Emperor Marcus Aurelius the post of Procurator in Egypt, which included the superintendence of the courts of justice and the care of the records, a position of great official distinction. How it came to pass that a writer in the decline of literature should rise to an eminence worthy of its best days, and how, in the revival of paganism which characterized the age of the Antonines, without any definite belief of his own and a reputation for none at all, he should become its most bitter assailant, are questions of great interest, but outside my present purpose, and I must now turn to that phase of his life which is represented in "*The Dream*."

He says, in this "droll parody of Prodicus's allegory," as Macaulay describes it in a marginal note, that, when he had given up going daily to school, being then of an age to earn his livelihood, his father consulted with some friends on the choice of a career for him. Most of these were of opinion that the study of literature would be long and costly, and the means at his disposal were small; a mechanical pro-

fession, on the other hand, might be relied upon as an immediate saving of expense for meals and a probable help to the paternal income in the near future. It was, therefore, settled that he should be placed with his mother's brother, a sculptor of some repute, under whose tutelage he began his studies. They were speedily interrupted and closed. He carelessly broke a slab of marble which he had been ordered to polish, and promptly received such a castigation that he went crying home. There he related his misfortune and showed the marks of the whip, imputing the treatment to his uncle's jealousy of being surpassed by his pupil. His mother's condolence soothed his spirit but could not relieve physical pain, and the boy went sobbing to bed. During the night the following vision appeared to him, as clearly, he says, as if it had been real, so that in describing it, as he does, long after the occurrence, the scene is as vivid and the words as distinct to him as when he first witnessed it. Two women seemed to grasp him by either hand and to drag him each to herself, with such violent rivalry that he was nearly torn asunder between them. One of them appeared to be an artisan, mannish in look, with squalid hair and horny hands, having her garments tucked up, and, like his uncle, covered with chalk. The other was beautiful, of stately mien and becomingly apparelled, advantages somewhat diminished, from a romantic point of view, by no less power of arm and unladylike strength of lung than her coarser rival. After a doubtful contest for his person, and noisy claims to its rightful possession, they finally suffered him to make his choice between them, addressing him each in turn in an appeal which I shall freely condense. The less picturesque combatant thus began.

I, my dear son, am the Art of Statuary, but yesterday the object of your devotion and already known to you by domestic circumstances and connections. If you regard trifles and senseless babble, avoid them in *her* [pointing to her rival]. By

following me, you will enjoy wholesome food and become lusty and broad of shoulder. You will live remote from envy and suffer not the distress of leaving your fatherland and relatives, and will be praised by all men, not for idle declamation but for your works. Heed not the meanness of my appearance and lack of cleanliness in dress, for such in the beginning were Phidias and Polycleus and Myron and Praxiteles, who were nevertheless worshipped as gods; and if you but do as they have done, why should you not equal their fame? You will thus be an honor to your father, and render your country illustrious.

Then the other took up the tale.

I am Education, already familiar to you, although not yet fully made conversant by trial. The extent of your advantages as a statuary you have now learned from *her*. You can be nothing but a mechanic, placing your hopes of livelihood in continuous bodily toil, obscure, receiving a small and mean wage, humiliated in spirit, showing discreditably in public, neither of advantage to your friends, nor feared by your enemies, nor admired by your fellow-citizens. You will remain a common workman, one of the vulgar mob, crouching before your superiors, and, like a hare, the prey of the powerful. Grant that you become a Phidias and execute many wonderful works; the art only will be praised, and no sensible man will care to be such as you. Whatever you become, you will be regarded only as a mechanic, a handicraftsman, living by manual labor. But if you will be persuaded by me, I will discover to you the works of the great ones of old and their mighty deeds while unfolding their writings before you, in all of which you shall be deeply versed. Your mind, which is your lordliest part, I will bedeck with many and excellent ornaments, with temperance and justice, with piety, tenderness and equity, with prudence and steadfastness, with the love of beauty and thirst of what is noble. For all these things are the undefiled and true distinctions of the soul. Nothing of the past, the present or the future shall be hidden from you; in all things, divine and human, will I ere long instruct you. And thus you, who are now poor, and of obscure origin, and contemplating an ig-

noble profession, will shortly become the envy and admiration of all men, renowned and praised, distinguished in all that is excellent, and honorably noticed by the pre-eminent in birth and fortune. Moreover, you will be clothed in raiment such as this [showing the rich vesture she wore], and be held worthy of the magistracy and of priority of place, and when you travel in foreign countries you will be neither unknown nor inglorious. I will invest you with such signal marks of distinction that every one, touching his neighbor, shall point you out with his finger saying, "That is he."

I may mention that the whole of this passage is scored in double lines by Macaulay with the marginal note, *This is really very eloquent*. The scoring is continued throughout the remainder of the speech which runs as follows:—

Your counsel will be solicited in all matters of importance by your friends, indeed by the entire city. Should you have occasion to make a public address, crowds will listen to you open-mouthed in wonderment, now cheering the power of your eloquence, now congratulating the father on such a son. As to what is said of mortals being raised to immortality, this, too, shall I obtain for you, for after death you will not cease to consort with the learned and to dwell among the noblest. Behold Demosthenes, sprung from an ignoble sire, to what have I not raised him? Behold Æschines, the son of a tamberine girl, yet through me courted by Philip! Even Socrates himself, nurtured under this very Art of Statuary, but soon perceiving better things, deserting her for me, hear how he is extolled by all! If you renounce, then, the example and companionship of such and so great men, turning away from splendid deeds and stately eloquence, from delicate apparel, from honor, glory, praise, pre-eminence, power, oratorical fame and the public acknowledgment of wisdom, you must elect to be clothed in squalid attire and to assume the garb of a slave, to carry a mallet and chisel, grovelling and abject, and on every side humiliated, never erect in bearing nor meditating thoughts manly and worthy of a freeman, but designing only works of grace and elegance, little heeding personal and moral embellish-

ment, and making yourself viler than your marble.

It is needless to add that Lucian's choice was readily made, and the rejected Art of Statuary, beating her hands together and gnashing her teeth with rage, like Niobe became rigid and turned to stone. "If this seems incredible," adds Lucian, "believe it not; but dreams are workers of the marvellous." His goddess now took him up in her chariot of winged steeds to show him the wonders that would have been hidden from him had his choice been otherwise. He was borne on high from the uttermost east to the setting sun, and beheld cities and nations and peoples, like Triptolemus in his dragon-chariot scattering the seed of Demeter, and was welcomed wherever he passed in his course by the acclamations of gazing crowds.

Such was the vision of Lucian, happily adapting to his own purpose the fable of the Sophist Prodicus of Ceos, in which Virtue and Pleasure similarly appealed to the youthful Hercules, an allegory applied some four hundred years later by Silius Italicus, in the fifteenth book of the "Punica," to Scipio. It is but a coincidence that Scipio, too, is feigned by Cicero, at the close of the sixth book of "The Republic," to have been favored, after his conference with Masinissa, with a vision in which Africanus Major appears to him and, foretelling his future honors and their fatal decline, encourages him in the service and defence of the Republic, and tells him that for those who labor in that great cause, there is an appointed place in heaven and an eternity of bliss. By this beautiful artifice, under the name of "The Dream of Scipio," Cicero designs to express his belief in the immortality of the soul, which in its manner reads like a paper of Addison's in the *Spectator*, and in invention and language is one of the most exquisite apologues of antiquity. This, of course, is altogether different, both in subject and treatment, from the allegory of Silius, the form of which the Roman poet copied without change from the

Greek. There are the same two women, personifying the same two moral dispositions. Pleasure, in both, appeals with the same arguments to the lusts of the flesh and of the eye; in both, Virtue is robed in white, though Silius has given her a more masterful yet becoming and attractive exterior. The characteristics of their addresses are those of the two countries. Roman virtue lays greater stress on martial glory and the conquest of external foes, while the Greek urges the higher ethical grounds of choice on which the preponderance of happiness is finally and unfailingly assured.

Lucian, again, takes up the parable after his original fashion, continuing the identity in form but with humorous variety of application, satirizing half seriously, half in jest, the exterior roughness attaching to manual execution in one of the fine arts, and comparing it, without its compensating achievements, with the refined operations of the intellect. Had it suited his purpose, he might have argued as plausibly in favor of his rejected profession. The power of highly cultivated minds and the animating effects of oratory, which he illustrated by examples from the past and which he might have instanced by others nearer to his own time, were to be equalled, if not surpassed, by erudition as great and eloquence as lofty in the generations to come; but the art which he decried had then reached a height of perfection that has never since been attained. The Cnidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles drew crowds from all parts of the civilized world, and excited greater wonder than any mere literary creation could ever inspire; and not seven cities, as in the case of Homer, but seventy times seven, would have contested the honor of its possession. It is not, then, necessary to suppose, with Wieland, that the decadence of this art in public estimation must account for the depreciatory terms in which Lucian speaks of it. On the contrary, the art is disparaged though associated with its greatest masters. As well might the supremacy of litera-

ture in its highest efforts be challenged, or denied, during periods of its apparent decline. Rhetoric may have been more lucrative, but no orator or writer in the very front rank, even with all the encouragement of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself, lived in Lucian's day to point the moral of his allegory. "The Dream" belongs to the period of his mature years, and was most probably written on his return to Samosata after his foreign travels, as an eloquent description of his experiences, and, as he himself says at its close, to stimulate the rising youth to fame by his example. The opportunity was not lost of ridiculing a toilsome, mechanical and base profession as represented in the character of his obscure relative, and of showing, at the same time, the possibilities of advancement through a great literary reputation.

Anyone perusing this narrative in Macaulay's copy of Lucian, with the pencil-marks on every page attesting his appreciation of this clever parody, could not fail to be struck by the remarkable similarity of this vision to that feigned by Macaulay himself to have appeared to him on the night of his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847. Macaulay in his turn appropriates the leading idea in the allegory of his predecessors, but transmutes the dross of a spent imagery into the gold of an original and beautiful conception. It is not for a moment to be supposed that there is here any theory of literary misappropriation, or even an overstepping of the slender bounds that divide memory from imagination, which, in the case of a writer of Macaulay's creative power, would be absurd. The association of ideas, intimately connected as it is with memory, operates in a variety of untraceable modes, and its mysterious laws combine with the senses to supply materials for the imagination. Every work of art, or inspiration of fancy, must have for its concomitant some idea of the past which has been, at least, a link in the chain of inspiration, and the effect of such suggestion may be witnessed in every department of ar-



tistic production. In a general way it may be said that there was something analogous in the circumstances of these two writers, and in their rejection of the law for the career of literature, that might have prompted the same thoughts on a kindred theme.

In "The Fisherman," one of the wittiest of Lucian's attacks on the false philosophers of his day, in which he defends himself in the presence of Philosophy against the indictment of Socrates, Plato, Diogenes and Chrysippus, he alludes in a pregnant sentence to the reasons which had induced him to abandon the profession of the law. Its craft and deceit, its audacity, noise and contentions, and a thousand other abuses, he says, disgusted him and drove him into the arms of Philosophy as to a haven of refuge, to pass the rest of his days under her protection. Macaulay's marginal annotation, "*καλίστην, ἢ Δία, ἢ ἡγελοῦσαν* (an admirable choice, by Jove)" shows the remembrance of his own want of sympathy for a career which he never seriously prosecuted till he was summoned to the weighty responsibilities of a law-giver. Continuing his address to Philosophy, Lucian proceeds: "No sooner had I learned to know you than I necessarily admired you and these guides to a nobler life, stretching out their hands to those who strive to reach it, counselling the most salutary precepts to such as do not depart from them, but, with unfaltering step, keep their eyes fixed on the rules prescribed by you and direct their lives in accordance with them, which, indeed, few of your followers are able to perform. Yet, when I beheld so many, not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but occupied alone with the glory to be obtained from her possession and the external appearances which are so easily imitated, I could not regard them without indignation."

The latter part of this passage is so similar in thought and expression to a verse, as I shall presently show, in Macaulay's vision, that the coincidence is extraordinary. There is, therefore, much intrinsic reason to suppose that the broad

outline of Lucian's allegory was present to his mind in the composition of his poem, and the grateful consolations of Philosophy and Learning amid the stress and turbulence of a life of literary warfare in the one instance reflected a similar experience during rarely adverse fortune in the other. It may, perhaps, be objected that as Lucian had borrowed from Prodicus, it is more likely that Macaulay also drew his inspiration direct from the original rather than from any intermediate source. To anyone who reads the fable in Xenophon the answer is evident and conclusive. In the first place, the choice is between Virtue and Pleasure, or Vice, and the appeal is made to the hero of thews and brawn, the fighting, crazy son of Zeus and Alcmena, whose sole delights lay in slaughter, and whose chiefest treasures were his fists, his club and his bow. His head was of service, not for thought, but only as a battering-ram. His solitary humane accomplishment was the lyre, with which he speedily broke his master's head for an untimely correction. Virtue, therefore, in her address, prudently refrains from wasting her breath in any arguments drawn from the satisfactions of the mind, and tells him that, of all that is good and noble, the gods have given nothing to man without his antecedent labor and exertion; that if he desires that the earth should give him of her abundance, that he should be wealthy in cattle and pre-eminent for valor in war, bestowing freedom on his friends and destroying his enemies, he must cultivate his skill in all these arts by assiduous practice, and strengthen his body, making it subservient to reason and exercising it with toil and sweat. The idea of solace, during any respite from his perspiring labors, in philosophical reflection or in the most elementary forms of literature, could never have occurred even to a visionary, and would have been more incredible than any of his feats. Again, in Silius Italicus, the persuasions of Virtue are addressed to a more promising subject: the inspired contemplative who



communed with the gods in the solitude of the Capitol, the conqueror of Hannibal, who might well have needed the calm enjoyments of a cultured intellect in his voluntary banishment at Linternum. But she offers him none of these; she animates him with the examples of Hercules himself and of Quirinus. She tells him how Rome, once an unequal match for Fidenæ, rose to greatness by the valor of her sons; that her own imperishable rewards are Honor, Praise, Glory with joyful visage and Victory white as her wings; chaste is her dwelling place, and her household deities are throned upon a lofty hill, but arduous is the path that leads to it, and he who hopes to reach it must endure sleepless nights and be the unconquered lord of cold and hunger, bearing a heart indomitable by steel or gold. He must be ever ready at his country's call, and the foremost in the assault against hostile walls. Her gifts are not Tyrian dyes and perfumed unguents, but to defeat the foes of the Empire and, by the destruction of Carthage, to lay his proud laurels in the lap of Jove.

It may be fairly held, therefore, that if Macaulay is indebted to any one of the three for the suggestion of his poem the parallel approaches far nearer to Lucian than to the other two. He, however, has so transformed the whole scenic and dramatic effect of the piece as to claim and deserve a distinct originality. In place of the two women, he pictures the noiseless march of "the fairy queens who rule our birth" by the cradle of a sleeping child. The Queens of Gain, of Fashion, of Power, of Pleasure, pass it by with scorn or indifference, with frown or sneer, as unmeriting the blessing of their gifts; and so the long disdainful procession moves past and vanishes into gloom, until at its close

Came one, the last, the mightiest and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light  
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,

Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,

Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

Lucian calls her Education, and represents the beautiful visitant of stately mien as the apotheosis of culture, the celestial embodiment of its highest expression, the nature of whose appeal to the dreamer is, in both cases, precisely similar in material argument and strikingly approximate in language. "Nothing of the past," she says to him, "of the present or the future shall be hidden from you; in all things, divine or human, will I instruct you."

Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,

The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.

Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,

Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

"Your mind," Education continues, "I will bedeck with many and excellent ornaments, with piety, tenderness, prudence, steadfastness, with the love of beauty and the thirst of what is noble."

Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,

Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,

Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,

The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"I will discover to you the works of the great ones of old and their mighty deeds while unfolding their writings before you, in all of which you shall be deeply versed."

Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,

I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;

And, if for some I keep a nobler place,  
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"Yet I behold so many not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but occupied alone with the glory to be obtained

from her possession and those external appearances so easily imitated."

There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem

Of all my bounties largely to partake,  
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,  
And court me but for gain's, power's,  
fashion's sake.

"I will invest you with such signal marks of distinction that everyone, touching his neighbor, shall point you out with his finger saying, *That is he*. If you should have occasion to make a public address, crowds will listen to you open-mouthed in wonderment, now cheering the power of your eloquence, now congratulating the father on such a son."

Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed

Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;

Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast

Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"Behold Demosthenes, sprang from an ignoble sire, to what have I not raised him?"

In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand

Amid the frowning peers at Bacon's side;  
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,

Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

"Behold Æschines, the son of a tumbourine girl, yet, through me, courted by Philip! Even Socrates himself, nurtured under the very Art of Statuary, but deserting her for me, hear how he is extolled by all!"

I brought the wise and great of ancient days

To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone;

I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze  
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

Here Macaulay's spirit soars beyond the reach of Lucian's and, in the following verses, leaves the lower plane of

worldly fame, of purple and fine linen, honor and power, for the nobler satisfactions of the soul under the burden of physical pain and mental distress, solaced by Wisdom and upheld by Virtue, not in the full career of success, but truest and most constant,

—When friends turn pale, when traitors fly,

When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,

For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy

A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,  
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,

Remember me; and with an unforced smile

See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange;

They come and go, as comes and goes the sea;

And let them come and go: thou, through all change,

Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.

This beautiful appeal, the true revenge of genius on ignoble slight, finding within itself consolatory rewards independent of popular favor, is unquestionably superior to the thrice-worn imagery of preceding allegorists, and its poetical framework adds another charm to its eloquence. The metrical rivalry of the contesting personalities in Silius Italicus may invite, but does not challenge, a comparison; and though his smooth and nerveless hexameters rise here into unusual fire, they are far beneath the exquisite stanzas in which Macaulay has embodied his vision. The idea of plagiarism is, of course, as idle as it would be to accuse Shakespeare of plagiarizing his Timon from Lucian's or his Coriolanus from Plutarch's, whence, as Pope observes, he has exactly copied the speeches. The reproduction, whether conscious or otherwise, is, in cases of great artistic merit, essentially a new and real creation. As Lord Lytton has happily observed: "From that which time has

made classical we cannot plagiarize. Molière cannot plagiarize from Terence and Plautus, nor Racine from Euripides, nor Pope from Horace, nor Walter Scott from the old Border Minstrels; where they imitate they reproduce." And thus the same conception, like similar seeds in different soils, may germinate in several minds, but on their varying character and fertility will depend the vigor of the plants, the lustre and beauty of foliage, flower and fruit, till they may seem to be of almost totally separate species.

Exiit ad cælum, ramis felicibus arbos,  
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua  
poma.

H. S. JARRETT.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
SOME FAMOUS POLITICAL PHRASES.

It is one of the privileges of the great to coin phrases which become part of the common currency of language, or to issue for circulation tokens which have been minted in obscurity by others. No one has been more happy in this respect than Mr. Gladstone. "Old parliamentary hand," "advancing by leaps and bounds," "within the range of practical politics"—these are of the very halfpence of controversial currency, and, so far as I know, they are Mr. Gladstone's own.

*Freedom and Responsibility.* Other utterances of Mr. Gladstone, not less famous, were adapted—consciously or unconsciously. When, for instance, he apologized for certain expressions offensive to Austria, used before he came into office in 1880, and pleaded that he was, when he uttered them, in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility," he was varying but slightly an observation of the Duke of Buckingham, who, in his "Memoirs of the Court of England under the Regency," complains that Allison, in the "History of Europe," "leaves out of view the long-established fact that pub-

lic men, when under the responsibilities of office, rarely realize the professions promulgated in the freedom of opposition." Other instances might, no doubt, be found of so obvious a contrast as that between the freedom of opposition and the responsibility of office, but it was reserved for Mr. Gladstone to bring the idea into the common stock of political phraseology.

*A Union of Hearts.* Another of Mr. Gladstone's notable expressions, which proved of high value to his party during the Home Rule controversy, was that he sought to bring about between England and Ireland a union of hearts. The Unionists might have discounted the phrase with some effect had they known that it was not only an old one, but had actually been applied to the beneficial effect produced by the statutory union between England and Scotland. "That union," wrote Mr. Wyon, in his "History of the Reign of Queen Anne"—"that union, once so intolerable to her [Scotland's] pride, has ended by becoming an union in reality, of interests and of hearts."

*Intoricated by Verbosity.* Probably no political phrase ever made so great an impression on friends and opponents as that memorable denunciation of Mr. Gladstone by Lord Beaconsfield shortly after the Russo-Turkish settlement in 1878. The great rivalry of the two men was at its height, and the passions of their respective partisans were deeply stirred, when Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech at Knightsbridge, delivered a personal attack on Mr. Gladstone which was received by the Conservatives with rapturous delight, and by the admirers of the Liberal leader with burning indignation. The *tour de force* is worth recalling in full:—

I was astonished [he said] to learn that the Convention of Constantinople has been described as "an insane convention." That is a strong epithet; but I don't pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as the right honorable gentleman who used it. I will not say to the right honorable gentleman what I had occasion to

say in the House of Lords this year—*Naviget Anticypam*<sup>1</sup>—but I would put this issue to an intelligent English jury: Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention—a body of English gentlemen honored by the favor of their sovereign and the confidence of their fellow subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence and not altogether without success, or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents and to glorify himself?

No one appears to have doubted that this somewhat coarse idea of a speaker being intoxicated by his verbosity was Disraeli's own conception. Whether this be so or not, it was certainly not new. I have found two instances of it—one in fiction, the other in fact. Lord Lytton, in "My Novel," says of Captain Dashmore, candidate for Hazeldean, "His bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence." But a more notable instance is an earlier one mentioned in the "Greville Memoirs." Sir William Knighton, privy purse to George IV., said of the king: "He is uncertain, the creature of impulse. When he has got a notion into his head there is no eradicating it, and I have known him when agitated, and perfectly fasting, talk himself into as complete a state of intoxication as if he had been dining and drinking largely."

This observation, coming from one who had been a physician, is extremely interesting, and if it was known to Lord Beaconsfield it gives an additional sting to the attack upon his rival.

*Peace with Honor.* It would be absurd to suppose that this expressive phrase was quite new when used by Lord Beaconsfield on his return from Berlin. It occurs in one of Burke's speeches on conciliation with America; and it was used in a speech from the throne on November 13, 1770. In more recent

times Lord John Russell, speaking at Dundee in 1865, said, "As secretary for foreign affairs, it has been my object to preserve peace with honor," and again, in 1871, Lord John (then become Earl Russell) claimed that during the Franco-German War Earl Granville had raised his reputation by "the maintenance of peace with dignity and honor." Lord Beaconsfield, by the dramatic circumstances of its proclamation, gave the phrase as a battle-cry to his party, and it will always be associated with his name.

*Coalitions.* As the utterance of a prophecy has sometimes the effect of bringing the event prophesied to pass, so a striking dictum may help to make the thing declared true. Of such is Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that "England does not love coalitions." It was made on that memorable December night when Lord Derby's first ministry came to the ground. Knowing the strength of the allied forces who were to throw him out—Liberals, Peelites and Radicals—Disraeli defiantly exclaimed: "I know that I have to face a coalition. The combination may be successful—a combination has before this been successful—but coalitions, though they may be successful, have always found that their triumphs have been brief. This I know—that England does not love coalitions." When the coalition government was ignominiously smashed up two years afterwards, the prophecy was recalled, and it became crystallized into something like an axiom of English politics.

*Meddle and Muddle.* This phrase has often been ascribed to Lord Beaconsfield, being confounded, perhaps, with that other expressive alliteration used by him towards the close of Mr. Gladstone's first administration, the history of which had, he said, been one of "blundering and plundering." "Meddle and muddle" occurred in one of Lord Derby's favorite attacks on the foreign policy of Lord John Russell during the 1865 ministry. The government policy, he said, was one of non-intervention.

<sup>1</sup> A Roman byword implying that a man is in need of medicine for lunacy.

but when I look around me I fail to see what country it is in the internal affairs of which the noble earl and her Majesty's government have not interfered. *Nihil intactum reliquit, nihil tetigit quod*—I cannot say *non ornavit*, but *non conturbavit*;<sup>1</sup> or the foreign policy of the noble earl, as far as the principle of non-intervention is concerned, may be summed up in two short, homely but expressive words—meddle and muddle.

The reader will observe here a striking combination of the old and the new style in political oratory—the paraphrase of a classical reference for the amusement of the House of Lords, which would have been quite sufficient in the old days; and its distillation into a catchword for consumption by an uncultured electorate.

*A Leap in the Dark.* If Lord Derby does not get the credit of the expression last dealt with, another is usually ascribed to him to which he is not entitled. This is the description of his Reform Bill of 1867 as "a leap in the dark." He fully adopted the words in his speech on the third reading—"No doubt we are making a great experiment, and taking a leap in the dark; but I have the greatest confidence in the sound sense of my countrymen"—but Lord Cranborne (now Lord Salisbury) had made use of the phrase, as a reproach to the government, in the course of the debates on the bill in the House of Commons. Nor is this the genesis of it, for I find in Walpole's "Life of Lord John Russell" a letter written to Lord John by Palmerston in 1859, when Russell was contemplating the introduction of his fourth Reform Bill, in which the sentence occurs: "As to our county franchise, we seem to be taking a leap in the dark." The simile here was essentially appropriate, as Palmerston added that they had no returns to show what numbers a £10 rental franchise would add to the county voters. The letter was not likely to come to the knowledge of Lord

Cranborne—a member of the Opposition—and it may be conjectured that the expression "a leap in the dark" obtained conversational currency about this time in political circles. Another bitter opponent of the bill of 1867, Mr. Robert Lowe (subsequently Lord Sherbrooke), invented after it was passed the well-known expression, "We must now at least educate our new masters."

*The Cave of Adullam and the Scotch Terrier.* In one of his speeches on this measure of 1867, John Bright introduced two illustrations which have become historical. Speaking of Mr. Horsman, the most conspicuous of the Whigs who joined Lowe in his opposition to the Reform Bill, he said: "The right honorable gentleman is the first of the new party who has expressed his great grief, who has retired into what may be called his political Cave of Adullam, and he has called about him everyone who is in distress and everyone who is discontented." This happy idea added a useful word to the language of politics. A "cave" has ever since been a convenient name for a discontented section who break away from their party. Proceeding, in a high strain of delicate sarcasm, to illustrate the position of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, Bright said:—

I know there was an opinion expressed many years ago by a member of the Treasury Bench and of the Cabinet that two men would make a party. When a party is formed of two men so able, so discreet as the two right honorable gentlemen, we may hope to see for the first time in Parliament a party perfectly harmonious and distinguished by mutual and unbroken trust. But there is one difficulty it is impossible to remove. This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.

*Calling the New World into Existence.* Several of George Canning's oratorical exclamations live in history. In every way most notable is that with which, in December, 1826, he justified his policy in recognizing the independence

<sup>1</sup> "They have interfered with everything, and have have touched nothing which they did not put into confusion."

of Buenos Ayres and other South American colonies which had been in revolt against Spain, and at the same time refusing to restrain France from invading Spain, a policy which was supposed to imperil the balance of power in Europe.

It was [he said] Spain with the Indies that excited the jealousies and alarmed the imaginations of our ancestors. . . . If France conquered Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No, I looked another way; I sought the materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.

The effect upon the House of this bold and striking image is described as having been terrific.

It was [said one who was present] as if every man in the House had been electrified. Mr. Canning seemed to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked that his flourishes were made with the left arm; the effect was new and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded, his nostrils dilated, a noble pride slightly curved his eyes, and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardor of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow and pointed to deeds of glory.

Greville says, however, that the speech gave offence to Canning's colleagues, who did not like the emphatic use of the first person singular in his pronouncement of policy.

*Arcopagus and the Like of That.* It was in connection with the same events that Canning uttered his famous sneer at the Holy Alliance—the precious plan of the European sovereigns to suppress all popular movements towards reform. “The time for Arcopagus and the like of that has gone by,” he said, referring to the irresponsible autocracy of the Athenian Council over the provincial States. “What should we have

thought of interference from foreign Europe when King John granted Magna Charta, or of an interposition in the quarrel between Charles I. and his Parliament?”

*Restore the Heptarchy.* Better known, because more frequently quoted of late years, is Canning's contemptuous dismissal of the first proposal for the repeal of the Union—columns of argument concentrated into one pregnant sentence: “Repeal the Union? Restore the Heptarchy!”

*Policy in a Sentence.* Another instance of a declaration of policy in one unforgettable sentence is that of the elder Pitt, in which he justified the Seven Years' War. “It,” he exclaimed, “I send an army into Germany, it is because in Germany I can conquer America.” The war, indeed, made England a world power. It started with disasters which caused Chesterfield to cry in despair, “We are no longer a nation;” but in 1759, so numerous were the British triumphs in all parts of the world, that Horace Walpole declared, “We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one;” both of which phrases became famous.

*Ring and Wring.* It was of a less successful war than this—the War of Jenkins's Ear—that Sir Robert Walpole, on being forced by public opinion into conflict with Spain, cried bitterly, “They are ringing the bells now, but they will soon be wringing their hands.”

*Every Man Has His Price.* Another phrase, which until recent years has been universally ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole, is that “Every man has his price.” The fact is that the declaration was not a general one, but was applied directly to the fervent purists who denounced the premier's corruption of his supporters. “Flowery oratory he despised,” says Coxe, in his memoirs of Walpole. “He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, ‘All these men have their price,’ meaning that he could easily buy them did he



think it worth while to do so." It is recorded in the "Memoirs of Sir John Barnard," a sturdy city merchant who was in opposition to Walpole, that on one occasion when the minister made this remark some one asked triumphantly, "What, then, is Sir John Barnard's price?" "Popularity," replied Walpole. But, of course, if such things as popularity are to be included in the bribes by which a politician may be bought, the axiom loses half its sting.

*An Indictment of a People.* Not many of Burke's sayings have become a part of stock political phraseology. A notable exception is that contained in one of his great speeches against the taxation of America, viz.: "Nobody shall persuade me, when a whole people is concerned, that acts of lenity are not means of concillation. . . . I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people"—a confession which Fox bitterly flung in the teeth of his old friend and master, when Burke denounced the French Revolution.

*Ditto to Mr. Burke.* More famous than any phrase of Burke's own—unless it be "The age of chivalry is past"—is that of his humble colleague in the representation of Bristol. This was a Mr. Cruger, a merchant in the American trade, who was returned for Bristol along with Burke in 1774. The great orator had delivered a glowing speech of thanks, and Cruger, having in mind, perhaps, the fate of one who follows "a well-graced actor" on the stage, was content to add, "Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke." This happy thought of a man whose very name most people would now find it difficult to discover shows that time and circumstance may give to a phrase an immortality that the highest genius could not attain for it.

*Impatience of Taxation.* A saying of Burke as to the impossibility of taxing, and at the same time pleasing a people was exceeded in pith and point by Castlereagh's complaint of "ignorant impatience of taxation." It would appear, however, that Castlereagh was

indebted to the reporter for the credit he obtained by his neat expression, for Mr. Frank Hill, in his monograph of Canning, tells us that Castlereagh really spoke of "the ignorant impatience of the remission of taxation," which was quite the reverse of his meaning. This is, indeed, but an example of his habitual clumsiness and confusion of utterance. He is said to have succeeded on one occasion in concluding a speech with the monosyllable "its."

*Fact and Wit.* Sheridan was more successful in his plays than in his speeches in coining phrases that stick in the public mind, but the world is not likely to forget the exquisite sentence in which he said of Dundas: "The right honorable gentleman has depended upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his wit." As was his wont, Sheridan had polished this gem with infinite care before producing it. The idea appears in several tentative forms in his note-books, and it is said that before launching it at Dundas he tried it, suitably adapted, upon a wine merchant, with whom poor "Sherry" probably had some dispute about one of those embarrassing wine bills of his.

*The Schoolmaster is Abroad.* It has sometimes been assumed that this phrase had some reference to the neglect of education, the schoolmaster being supposititiously out of the country. The reverse is the case. It was in a speech in 1828 that Brougham exclaimed: "Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

*Orthodoxy is My Dory.* According to Priestley's "Memoirs," this phrase originated about the middle of the last century during a debate in the House of Lords on the Test Laws. The Earl of Sandwich was remarking, "I have heard frequent use of the words ortho-

doxy and heterodoxy, but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean," when Bishop Warburton flashed out the witty "aside": "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy"—a theological treatise in a breath.

*I'll Unwhig the Gentleman.* When Sir William Harcourt on one occasion directed this threat at a prominent Liberal Unionist, some of the newspapers actually printed it "unwig." It may be that Pitt, when he invented the phrase, was not unmindful of the pun, but the meaning, of course, was that he would make it impossible for Fox to be ever again recognized as a Whig. It was during the first incapacity of George III., when the Whigs maintained that the Prince of Wales had an absolute right to assume the regency, knowing that this would mean the immediate accession of their party to power. When Fox propounded this doctrine of hereditary right in the House, Pitt, slapping his thigh triumphantly, turned to the gentleman next to him on the Treasury Bench and exclaimed, "I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life." The sudden recovery of the king left the question of the prince's right to the regency unsettled, and, of course, Fox remained the Whig leader, though with a reputation tarnished by the incident.

*May God Forget Me.* Another reputation which suffered during this trying time was that of Thurlow—the lord chancellor who looked twice as wise as any man ever was. During the illness of the king, Thurlow was on pins and needles, swaying uneasily from one side to the other according to the nature of the medical reports; but when it seemed clear that the king would recover, the lord chancellor plumped down on the side of his Majesty in unmistakable fashion. In a voice broken by sobs he declared his determination to preserve the rights of his Sovereign entire, and wrought himself up to these celebrated words: "And when I forget my king, may God forget me." The chancellor's intrigues were not suspected in the

country, and this apparently heartfelt declaration of loyalty made an impression it would be difficult to exaggerate, but within the House the effect was less satisfactory. Wilkes, who was standing by the throne, eyed the chancellor askance, and muttered, "God forget you! He'll see you d—d first." Burke, with equal wit and with no profanity, interjected, "The best thing that could happen to you." Pitt was also on the steps of the throne, and he is said by Earl Stanhope to have rushed out of the House exclaiming, "Oh, what a rascal!"

*An Accident of an Accident.* This stinging jibe occurred in the course of a tremendous philippic launched by Thurlow against the Duke of Grafton—Junius's chief butt. In the course of a debate on the Earl of Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital the duke made some reflections on Thurlow's plebeian extraction and his recent elevation to the peerage. What followed, Charles Butler, who was present, described in his "Reminiscences." Thurlow rose from the woolsack and advanced slowly to the place whence the chancellor usually addressed the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunderbolt, he said:—

I am amazed at the attacks the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords [*raising his voice*], I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him and on either side of him without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to this as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it singly and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do, but I must say, my lords, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say and I will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this honorable House, as Keeper of the Privy Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's

conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in the character alone in which the noble duke has thought it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

Grafton, "the accident of an accident," was, it will be remembered, a descendant of one of the mistresses of Charles II. The impression created by this declaration was altogether favorable to Thurlow, and it was largely instrumental in giving him an ascendancy in the House such as no chancellor had ever before possessed.

*Johnny Upset the Coach.* Earl Grey's government in 1834 lost a large body of support by its practical acceptance of the principle of the alienation of Irish Church revenues to secular purposes. When Lord John Russell announced himself in favor of the principle, Lord Stanley wrote on a slip of paper, which was passed along the Treasury bench, "Johnny has upset the coach," and before the month was out Stanley and Graham resigned, the fall of the government happening soon afterwards.

*Judicious Bottle-holding.* After England had successfully supported the sultan in refusing to surrender to Austria the Hungarian refugees who had fled to Turkey on the suppression of the revolt in 1848, a deputation waited upon Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office to thank him for his exertions on behalf of Kossuth and his colleagues. In his reply he said "much generalship and judgment had been required, and during the struggle a good deal of judicious bottle-holding was obliged to be brought into play." This happy notion seems to have first presented itself to Palmerston's mind in a different and perhaps more humorous form. During the negotiations the British fleet had been sent to the Dardanelles with instructions to proceed to the Bosphorus if the sultan asked for it. We learn from Mr. Evelyn Ashley's "Life of Lord Palmerston" that on being asked by the Russian ambassador in London why the ships were there, Palmerston said, "It is for the sultan like holding a

bottle of salts to the nose of a lady who has been frightened." It would be difficult to find a better example than these two phrases afford of the apt use of simile—a delicate, inoffensive one for the suspicious ambassador; one drawn from the prize ring for the gratification of pugnacious British supporters after danger of hostilities was over. The bottle-holding phrase tickled the fancy of the public, and for many a day after *Punch* played upon the idea of Palmerston as "the judicious bottle-holder."

*On the Side of the Angels.* The instance last mentioned is by no means the only one in which the pencil of *Punch* has helped to immortalize a striking observation. No one who has seen it is likely to forget the cartoon representing "Dizzy" as an angel. His celebrated declaration has been so much misunderstood as to be worth quoting here, though it was not uttered on a political occasion. It was in 1864 that, in a reference to the conclusions of modern science, he said:—

I hold that the highest function of science is the interpretation of nature, and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But I must say that when I compare the interpretation of the highest nature by the most advanced and most fashionable school of modern science—when I compare that with the older teachings with which we are familiar, I am not prepared to say the lecture-room is more scientific than the church. What is the question which is now placed before society with a glib assurance which to us is most astounding? That question is this—Is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence these new-fangled theories.

JAMES SYKES.

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From London Echo.  
CENTENARIES IN 1898.

Only one centenary has passed so far—the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of August Comte, the founder of Positivism, who first saw the light

at Montpellier on January 19, 1798. Comte was one of those men to whom fame comes early in life. He entered the Polytechnic of Paris at seventeen, and two years later took up such a determined stand against the dictatorial manner of one of the tutors that he was expelled, after rousing the whole of the students to a general protest. Later on he commenced a course of lectures in exposition of a new system in philosophy, now known as Positivism, which were attended by many of the most eminent Frenchmen of his day, but the lectures were brought to an abrupt termination by a fit of insanity. His brilliant intellect was not lost, however, for in a few months Comte began his great work on Positivism, which runs into six volumes, and which Miss Martineau has translated into English in a condensed form. Comte was never rich, and was latterly dependent on the help of friends, including John Stuart Mill. He died in his sixtieth year, on September 5, 1857, and lies with the great dead of France in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

Three hundred years ago, on April 13, the Huguenots received their freedom at Nantes, where Henry IV. signed the famous edict which Louis XIV. revoked nearly a century later, driving half a million French into exile. The shame of Louis XIV. is more indelibly stamped upon the memory of mankind than the act of Henry IV., but the granting to the Huguenots of the common rights of humanity is an event which the Huguenot societies of the world will not allow to be forgotten. The chief celebration of the tercentenary is to be in New York, on April 13, when delegates from England and France will be welcomed by the Huguenot Society of America, the invitations having been sent out in the name of Professor Baird, the historian of the Huguenots.

Three centenaries of great importance will be celebrated in May. To one of them—the Irish celebration of the 1798 rebellion—lengthy reference has already been made in these columns.

The Portuguese and the Italians have also their May centenaries, both of widely different kinds. The chief cities of Portugal will be *en fête* on May 20 in honor of the discovery of Vasco da Gama, the intrepid navigator, who made his country famous by discovering the Cape route to India, an achievement which has been described as only second to the discovery of America, which had been made six years before. The fame of Vasco da Gama is stained by the great cruelties which he permitted; but this, at least, is his due—he was a courageous explorer, and rendered mankind no mean service. His voyage to India *via* the Cape was completed on May 20, 1498, when he arrived at Calicut. His discovery was rightly regarded as of immense importance at the time, and on his return to Lisbon he was styled Admiral of the Indies, and there were popular rejoicings, such as are to take place next May, four hundred years after Gama's achievement.

The martyrdom of Savonarola will be commemorated on May 23 at Florence, where the great preacher was brutally done to death on that date four centuries since. Savonarola was in his prime when he died at the hands of his enemies, being only forty-five years of age. Yet he had achieved a revolution and overthrown a dynasty in the short space of life that was granted to him. Jealousy and prejudice and hate were surely, if slowly, hastening the martyr's death. Savonarola was expelled from the Church of Rome, the Medici dynasty was re-established in the republic, the people listened to another preacher, and forsook the great reformer, their idol of a too brief day. Savonarola, the greatest figure in the history of his race, was strangled amid the applause of the people, who, but a year before, had worshipped him as their king. He died on May 23, 1498, the blackest day in the history of Rome; and Florence, where he was tortured and murdered, will hold his memory in reverence when the sacred anniversary comes round.

# The Living Age.—Supplement.

MARCH 12, 1898.

## READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Scribner's Magazine.  
JEFFERSON AND THE DECLARATION.

The great step had been taken. It now remained to set forth to the world the reasons for what had been done there in Philadelphia on July 2, 1776.

Thomas Jefferson, to whom this momentous work had been intrusted, came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow-members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for Independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. It was in its way as wise and fortunate as the selection of Washington to lead the armies. This was not because Jefferson was the ablest man in the Congress. In intellectual power and brilliancy Franklin surpassed him, and John Adams, who, like Franklin, was on the committee, was a stronger character, a better lawyer, and a much more learned man. But for this particular work, so momentous to America, Jefferson was better adapted than any other of the able men who separated America from England. He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth cen-

tury closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then beginning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their liberty; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than even he himself realized. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed, as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in the future and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen.

The result was the Declaration of Independence. The draft was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who made a few slight changes. The influence of the South struck out the paragraph against slavery. It was read on July 3d. A debate ensued in which John Adams led, as in that on the resolution,



and on July 4th the Congress agreed to the Declaration and authorized the president and secretary to sign, attest and publish it. The formal signing by the members did not take place until August, and some signatures were given even later. But the July 4th when the Declaration was adopted by Congress was the day which the American people have set apart and held sacred to the memory of a great deed.

The Declaration when published was read to the army under Washington and received by the soldiers with content. It was a satisfaction to them to have the reality for which they were fighting put into words and officially declared. It was read also formally and with some ceremony in public places, in all the chief towns of the colonies, and was received by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement. There was no reason why it should have called forth much excitement, for it merely embodied public opinion already made up, and was expected by the loyalist minority.

Yet despite its general acceptance, which showed its political strength, it was a great and memorable document. From that day to this it has been listened to with reverence by a people who have grown to be a great nation, and equally from that day to this it has been the subject of severe criticism. The reverence is right, the criticism misplaced and founded on misunderstanding.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and secondly, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independ-

ence has been solemnly read in every city, town and hamlet of the United States to thousands of Americans who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death-warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified and the style strong, clear and imposing.

Passing from the form to the substance, critics as far apart as John Adams and Lord John Russell have condemned the attack on George III. as a tyrant as unjust, bitter and almost absurd. Yet, as the years have gone by, it has become very plain that George III. was making a final and very serious attempt to restore the royal authority, and by shrewd and more insidious methods regain what Charles I. had lost. He was steadily following out his mother's behest and trying to be a king. If the revolt had not come in America it would have come in England, and England would have defeated his plans and broken his power as his American colonies succeeded in doing. When the best of modern English historians, like Lecky and Green, admit this in regard to George III., we need not question that Jefferson's instinct was a true one when he drew the indictment of his sovereign. But Jefferson was right on broader grounds than this. He was declaring something much more far-reaching than the right of the colonies to separate from England. He was announcing to the world the right of the people to rule themselves, and that no one man was entitled to be king, but that



every man had a title to kingship in virtue of his manhood. The logical step from this proposition was not to assail the people or Parliament of England, which would have been a contradiction of his own argument, but the man who represented the old-time theory of kingship and from whom as part of a system the evils he complained of came. Jefferson was instinctively right when he struck at the kingly power, for that was the real point of conflict.

John Adams's criticism that the doctrines and principles set forth were not new, but had been heard before from James Otis down through all the long controversy, was simply inept. The doctrines and principles, of course, were not new. That was their strength. Jefferson was not a Frenchman bursting through the tyranny of centuries, to whom the language of freedom and of constitutional liberty was an unknown tongue. He was one of that great race which for five hundred years, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence, from Runnymede to Philadelphia, had been slowly, painfully and very strenuously building up a fabric of personal liberty and free government. In all those long discussions, in all those bitter struggles, the words and principles of freedom and human rights had been developed and made familiar. This was the language that Jefferson spoke. Its glory was that it was not new, and that the people to whom he spoke understood it, and all it meant, for it was a part of their inheritance, like their mother-tongue. In vivid phrases he set forth what his people felt, knew and wanted said. It was part of his genius that he did so. He was not a man of action, but a man of imagination, of ideas and sympathies. He was a failure as the war governor of Virginia. The greatest and most adroit of politicians and organizers, when dangers from abroad threatened him as president, he was timid, hesitating and inadequate. But when he was summoned to declare the purposes of the American people in the face of the world and at the bar of history, he came to the work which no

other man could have done so well. His imagination; his keen, sure glance into the future; his intense human sympathies came into full play, and he spoke his message so that it went home to the hearts of his people with an unerring flight.

The last and best-known criticism is the bold epigram of Rufus Choate, most brilliant of American advocates, that the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering generalities." Again the criticism proceeds on a misunderstanding. The Declaration of Independence in its famous opening sentences is made up of generalities, and rightly. That they glitter is proof of the writer's skill and judgment. It was not the place for careful argument and solid reasoning. Jefferson was setting forth the reasons for a revolution, asserting a great, new principle, for which men were to be asked to die. His task was to make it all as simple yet as splendid as possible. He was to tell men that they must separate from the great empire of England and govern themselves, and he must do it in such a way that he who ran might not only read, but comprehend. It is the glory of Jefferson that he did just this, and it was no fault of his that the South dimmed one of his glowing sentences by striking out his condemnation of human slavery.

From "The Story of the Revolution." [ By Henry Cabot Lodge.

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From Lippincott's Magazine.  
A MOB AT BAY.

The yells of the crowd drowned the sheriff's voice. A stone whizzed by his head, struck the opposite wall, and dropped to the floor. The captain grasped his arm, and pulled him back from the window.

"Are you asking 'em to try and get in here?" he demanded, savagely.

"Let go my arm! What d'you mean——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a storm of howling from outside; and

the captain whirled to the window.

"They're coming now, for sure," he heard some one say.

Below, the mob surged back and forward; the shouts were fiercer and louder; angry faces, upturned to the windows, gleamed here and there in the dusky mass; weapons were waved; the crowd heaved toward the building, and then settled back, for an instant: the invisible line was still there. From the rear a woman's piercing tones came clear, through a gap in the shouting.

"Oh, come home," she said.

At every window the guard closed up; their rifles threatened silently, the bronze barrels giving dull glints of light; under the cap-visors their faces were white, and their eyes flashed here and there over the mob, or back for a hasty glance toward the officers. Muscles twitched in the young faces; hands shifted uneasily on the rifle-stocks, or gripped until the knuckles showed white under the straining grasp. Somewhere in the crowd a revolver banged; the bullet chipped the stone above the captain's head.

"Here they come," whispered the big private.

In the crowd there was a sudden, strange silence for a moment; then the yells broke forth again, with a new note in them of eager, hungry savagery. The mob swung forward. For an instant three or four sprang ahead, and then were lost in the tumultuous rush which overtook them.

The yelling mass below neared the walls. A whistle pierced the tumult. From the windows jetted swift lines of flame, and a shattering volley tore the air.

A crash; and then stillness on the mob, an intense hush, a swift paralysis. A blue-grey smoke-cloud floated up the walls and out over the jail-yard. Men gasped, then held their breath. From their nests in the eaves, startled sparrows flew above the crowd with frightened twitterings.

In the jail-corridor sounded the clink, clink of empty shells, falling to the floor, as nervous fingers fumbled at boxes, or shoved fresh cartridges home,

with a snap-snapping of breech-locks, while staring eyes were fixed on the scene outside.

From below came a new sound, the noise of agony. On the outskirts of the crowd men were running. The mob surged back from the jail-walls; in the space left clear lay prostrate forms, outstretched or huddled in attitudes of grotesque horror on the stone-paved way. One figure half arose, wavered backward, and then fell toward the retreating mob, with a gasping cry. Men, running back from the crowd, with apprehensive glances at the windows, carried off the limp forms. In the crowd men bore up other men, who reeled and staggered to and fro.

The corridor was very still. The guard stood in silence. Here and there one drew a long breath, with a slow heaving of the chest and a lifting of the shoulders. Turning their eyes, with an effort, from the mob, they glanced at each other, as though seeking confirmation for their thoughts, to be assured that all this thing had happened, that the dark forms on the pavement below had been a grim reality. A slight, pale-faced private threw his rifle to the floor and turned his face from the window, with a burst of shuddering sobs. Others swore, apparently at nothing, and busied themselves with their weapons; no one paid any heed to the private who wept, except that his next-rank man stooped and picked up his rifle. The smell of burnt powder hung in the air.

"Well, they got it." The big private turned from the window, and let his steel-shod rifle-butt drop heavily to the floor.

"Yes, they got it," the corporal assented, slowly.

From "The Civil Authority." By Henry Holcomb Bennett.

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From St. Nicholas.

#### THE DICTIONARY AT HAND.

Even the majority of grown people have very little idea how to go to work

to answer their own questions. The daily newspapers and other periodicals give up much space to answering questions which might be solved, with only the slightest trouble, by those who ask them. In fact, nearly every editorial office must devote considerable time to finding answers to questions for people who should be ashamed not to do this work for themselves.

Suppose, for instance, a little boy is reading a story, and he comes to the word "châtelaine." It may seem to him an interesting bit of language. He thinks he would like to know what it means. Consequently, he shuts his book, keeping his finger in the place, and runs downstairs to where his father is busy in the study preparing a speech upon the coming school election. "Father," he says, "what is a châtelaine?"

We will suppose that his father is a man who has sufficient information to give a general answer to the question.

"A châtelaine," he may say, "is the lady who is the presiding mistress of a castle."

The boy opens his book, and reads again the sentence in which he found the word. Then he giggles.

"That can't be right," he says; "for here it speaks of a lady who 'hung a châtelaine to her belt.' Besides, it says that the châtelaine was made of hammered silver; so it can't be a lady who is mistress of a castle."

"Oh," his father replies, "that is different. There the word means a little contrivance ladies wear at their belts to hold chains from which they suspend keys and tablets, pin-boxes, and such things."

"Then how did you come to make such a mistake?" the boy asks.

"It was not a mistake," his father replies. "The word means what I said, too."

"It is queer that it should mean two such different things. How does it happen?" the boy asks.

Then the father—if he happens to be the right kind of a father—puts aside

his work and says, "Bring me the dictionary."

The dictionary is brought, and opened to the word, and father and son devote a few moments to the inquiry how a single word can have two meanings apparently so different. They find that "châtelaine" comes from the French, and was at first spelled *chastelaine*, but that the *s* has disappeared, leaving only a little footprint in the shape of an accent over the *a*. Then it is discovered that *châtelaine* is really a form of the word *castellan*, a short form of the Latin word *castellanus*, meaning a man who is the keeper or owner of a *castellum*, or castle. And then the dictionary says "v. castle," so they turn back to castle. They find that castle comes from *castel* or *chastel*, which is the same word, in a different form, that now appears as "château," and that it comes from the Latin *castrum*, meaning a camp, while *castrum* comes from *casa*, the Latin for hut, a word still in the same form in Italian. (A curious instance of this word is seen in the name of the boy who stood upon the burning deck, Casabianca, which is simply "Whitehouse.") *Casa* is the same word as "case," or cover—that is, a covering from the weather—and that comes from the Sanskrit root *chhad*, which means a cover. Also from the same root come "cassock," "chasuble," and "casino," which, it may surprise you to learn, are relatives of the châtelaine with which we started. Now, when we come to the meaning of châtelaine, we see that it meant, at first, the mistress of a castle—that is, a keeper of the keys to its supplies and stores—the housekeeper or housewife; and that her name was applied to the little bunch of keys carried at her belt, just as in English we speak of a "housewife," meaning a little case or box that contains needles, thread, scissors, thimble, and so on. So now we can see exactly how the same word can mean "a lady who is mistress of a castle," and "a little contrivance for carrying at the belt keys and other useful things."

After the boy has learned all these

things, he turns to his father a little scornfully, and says, "Humph! if I had known you were going to look in the dictionary, I could have done that myself." Then, if his father doesn't say, "Why didn't you?" we ourselves may add that little moral to the fable.

Would it not have been better if the small boy had been taught from the beginning to use the dictionary? Not only would it have been a relief to his father, but a benefit to himself.

From "Reference Books for Boys and Girls."  
By Tudor Jenks.

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From The Atlantic Monthly.  
COURAGE AND COMMON SENSE IN LITERATURE.

The spirit of romance has flung its boldness into English literature. It plunders what it can from Greek, Latin, Italian, French and Spanish. It ramps over the world: it dashes to Venice, to Malta, to Constantinople, to the Garden of Eden, to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to Lilliput, to desert islands, to Norman baron and Burgundian noble, to Virginia, to Florence, to India, to the South Sea, to Africa, and fetches home to England foreign wealth by land and sea. How boldly it sails east, west, south and north, and by its shining wake shows that it is the same spirit of romance that has voyaged from Arthurian legend to Mr. Kipling!

French men of letters have not had enough of this audacious spirit. They troop to Paris, where they have been accustomed to sit on their classical benches since Paris became the centre of France. The romance of Villon is the romance of a Parisian thief; the romance of Ronsard is the romance of the Parisian salon. Montaigne strolls about his seigniorly while England is topsy-turvy with excitement of new knowledge and new feeling. Corneille has the nobleness of a *jeune fille*. You can measure them all by their ability to plant a colony. Wreck them on a desert island, Villon will pick black-

berries, Ronsard will skip stones, Montaigne whittle, Corneille look like a gentleman, and the empire of France will not increase by a hand's-breadth. Take a handful of Elizabethan poets, and Sidney chops, Shakespeare cooks, Johnson digs, Bacon snares, Marlowe catches a wild ass: in twenty-four hours they have a log fort, a score of savage slaves, a windmill, a pinnacle, and the cross of St. George flying from the tallest tree.

It is the adventurous capacity in English men of letters that has outdone the French. They lay hold of words and sentences and beat them to their needs. They busy themselves with thoughts and sentiments as if they were boarding pirates, going the nearest way. They do not stop to put on uniforms; whereas in France the three famous literary periods of the Pléiade, the Classicists and the Romanticists have been three struggles over form—quarrels to expel or admit some few score words, questions of rubric and vestments. The English have never balked at means after this fashion. Fénelon says of the French language "qu'elle n'est ni variée, ni libre, ni hardie, ni propre à donner de l'essor."

It is not fanciful to find this common element of daring in both English trade and poetry. English adventurers have sailed eastward and westward, seeking new homes for the extravagant spirits that find the veil of familiarity hang too thick over their native fields and cottages. Turn to the French: their merchants ply to Canada and India in vain. What sails belly out before the poetry of Ronsard or Malherbe? Into what silent sea is French imagination the first to break? The Elizabethan poets are a crew of mariners, rough, rude, bold, truculent, boyish and reverent. How yarely they unfurl the great sails of English literature and put to open sea! The poor French poets huddle together with plummet in their hands, lest they get beyond their soundings.

No man can hold cheap the brilliant valor of the French. From Ronces-

valles to the siege of Paris, French soldiers have shown headlong courage. Nothing else in military history is so wonderful as the French soldiers from the 10th of August to Waterloo. Their dash and enterprise are splendid, but they do not take their ease in desperate fortune as if it were their own inn, as Englishmen do. They have not the shiftiness and cunning that can dodge difficulties. They cannot turn their bayonets into reaping-hooks, their knapsacks into bushels, their cannon to keels, their flags to canvas. They have not the prehensile hands of the English that lay hold, and do not let loose.

English courage owes its success to its union with common sense. The French could send forty Light Brigades to instant death; French guards are wont to die as if they went a-wooing; but the French have not the versatile absorption in the business at hand of the English. The same distinction shows in the two literatures. Nothing could be more brilliant than Victor Hugo in 1830. His verse flashes like the white plume of Navarre. His was the most famous chapter in literature. *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* have prodigious brilliancy and courage, but they lack common sense. They conquer, win deafening applause, bewilder men with excitement; but, victory won, they have not the aptitude for settling down. They are like soldiers who know not how to go back to plough and smithy. The great French literature of the Romantic period did not dig foundation, slap on mortar, or lay arches in the cellar of its house, after the English fashion. Next to Victor Hugo, not counting Goethe, the greatest man of letters in Europe, or this century, is Sir Walter Scott. Mark the difference between him and Hugo. Scott's poetry and novels have a vigorous vitality from his common sense, and therefore they are ingrained in the trunk of English literature; the fresh sap of their romance quickens every root and adds greenery to every bough. Victor Hugo is passionate, imaginative, majestic,

powerful, eloquent, demagogical, but he does not stand the hard test of squaring with the experience of common men.

Consider M. Zola, the greatest of living French novelists, and we find the same lack in him. His strong, sturdy talents have fought a brilliant and victorious fight; but the brilliancy of his victory serves merely as a light to rally his enemies; he has offended against the abiding laws of the common knowledge of common men, and his books have already passed the zenith of their glory. There is hardly a famous man who does not point the same moral. Michelet records the introduction of tobacco. "*Dès le début de cette drogue, on put prévoir son effet. Elle a supprimé le baiser. Ceci en 1610. Date fatale qui ouvre les routes où l'homme et la femme iront divergents.*" Read Renan's chapters upon King David. Take Racine, of whom Voltaire says "*que personne n'a jamais porté l'art de la parole à un plus haut point, ni donné plus de charme à la langue française.*" He is noble, and appeals to the deepest feelings in men, love, religion, heroism. By virtue of his spiritual nature he deserves great reverence, but he does not touch the understanding of common men. Ronsard, du Bellay, Clément Marot, have the same fault; they are witty, epigrammatic, musical, but they have not the one essential element. The two most successful French men of letters are the two possessing most commonsense, Molière and Balzac.

From "English as Against French Literature."  
By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

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From Harper's Magazine.

THE SOCIAL SATIRIST OF THE FUTURE.

The plays and novels that succeed the most are those which treat of the life of our own day; not so the costly pictures we hang upon our walls. We do not care to have continually before



our eyes elaborate representations of the life we lead every day and all day long; we like best that which rather takes us out of it—romantic or graceful episodes of another time or clime, when men wore prettier clothes than they do now—well-imagined, well-painted scenes from classic lore—historical subjects—subjects selected from our splendid literature and what not; or, if we want modern subjects, we prefer scenes chosen from a humble sphere, which is not that of those who can afford to buy pictures—the toilers of the earth—the toilers of the sea—pathetic scenes from the inexhaustible annals of the poor; or else again landscapes and seascapes—things that bring a whiff of nature into our feverish and artificial existence—that are in direct contrast to it.

And even with these beautiful things, how often the charm wears away with the novelty of possession! How often and how soon the lovely picture, like its frame, becomes just as a piece of wall furniture, in which we take a pride, certainly, and which we should certainly miss if it were taken away—but which we grow to look at with the pathetic indifference of habit—if not, indeed, with aversion!

Chairs and tables minister to our physical comforts, and we cannot do without them. But pictures have not this practical hold upon us; the sense to which they appeal is not always on the alert; yet there they are hanging on the wall, morning, noon and night, unchanged, unchangeable—the same arrested movement—the same expression of face—the same seas and trees and moors and forests and rivers and mountains—the very waves are as eternal as the hills!

Music will leave off when it is not wanted—at least it ought to! The book is shut, the newspaper thrown aside. Not so the beautiful pleutree; it is like a perennial nosegay, forever inhaling its perfume for noses that have long ceased to smell it!

But little pictures in black and white, of little every-day people like ourselves, by some great little artist who knows

life well and has the means at his command to express his knowledge in this easy, simple manner, can be taken up and thrown down like the book or newspaper. They are even easier to read and understand. They are within the reach of the meanest capacity, the humblest education, the most slender purse. They come to us weekly, let us say, in cheap periodicals. They are preserved and bound up in volumes, to be taken down and looked at when so disposed. The child grows to love them before he knows how to read; fifty years hence he will love them still, if only for the pleasure they gave him as a child. He will soon know them by heart, and yet go to them again and again; and if they are good, he will always find new beauties and added interest as he, himself, grows in taste and culture; and how much of that taste and culture he will owe to them, who can say?

Nothing sticks so well in the young mind as a little picture one can hold close to the eyes like a book—not even a song or poem—for in the case of most young people the memory of the eye is better than that of the ear—its power of assimilating more rapid and more keen. And then there is the immense variety, the number!

Our pictorial satirist, taking the greatest pains, doing his very best, can produce, say, a hundred of these little pictures in a twelvemonth, while his elder brother of the brush bestows an equal labor and an equal time on one important canvas, which will take another twelvemonth to engrave, perhaps, for the benefit of those fortunate enough to be able to afford the costly engraving of that one priceless work of art, which only one millionaire can possess at a time. Happy millionaire; happy painter—just as likely as not to become a millionaire himself! And this elder brother of the brush will be the first to acknowledge his little brother's greatness—if the little brother's work be well done. You should hear how the first painters of our time, here and abroad, express themselves about Charles Keene!



They do not speak of him as a little brother, I tell you, but a very big brother indeed.

Thackeray, for me, and many others, the greatest novelist, satirist, humorist of our time, where so many have been great, is said to have at the beginning of his career wished to illustrate the books of others—Charles Dickens's, I believe, for one. Fortunately, perhaps, for us and for him, and perhaps for Dickens, he did not succeed; he lived to write books of his own, and to illustrate them himself; and it is generally admitted that his illustrations, clever as they were, were not up to the mark of his writings.

It was not his natural mode of expression—and I doubt if any amount of training and study would have made it a successful mode; the love of the thing does not necessarily carry the power to do it. That he loved it, he has shown us in many ways, and also that he was always practising it. Most of my hearers will remember his beautiful ballad of "The Pen and the Album":—

I am my master's faithful old gold pen.  
I've served him three long years, and  
drawn since then  
Thousands of funny women and droll  
men.

Now conceive—it is not an impossible conception—that the marvellous gift of expression that he was to possess in words had been changed by some fairy at his birth into an equal gift of expression by means of the pencil, and that he had cultivated the gift as assiduously as he cultivated the other, and finally that he has exercised it as sedulously through life, bestowing on innumerable little pictures in black and white all the wit and wisdom, the wide culture, the deep knowledge of the world and of the human heart, all the satire, the tenderness, the drollery, and last, but not least, that incomparable perfection of style that we find in all or most that he has written—what a pictorial record that would be!

Think of it—a collection of little wood-cuts or etchings, with each its ap-

propriate legend—a series of small pictures equal in volume and in value to the whole of Thackeray's literary work! Think of the laughter and the tears from old and young, rich and poor, and from the thousands who have not the intelligence or the culture to appreciate great books, or lack time or inclination to read them.

All there was in the heart and mind of Thackeray, expressed through a medium so simple and direct that even a child could be made to feel it, or a chimney-sweep! For where need we draw the line? We are only pretending.

Now I am quite content with Thackeray as he is—a writer of books, whose loss to literature could not be compensated by any gain to the gentle art of drawing little figures in black and white—"thousands of funny women and droll men." All I wish to point out, in these days when drawing is pressed into the service of daily journalism, and with such success that there will soon be as many journalists with the pencil as with the pen, is this, that the career of the future social pictorial satirist is full of splendid possibilities undreamt-of yet.

It is a kind of hybrid profession still in its infancy—hardly recognized as a profession at all—something half-way between literature and art—yet potentially combining all that is best and most essential in both, and appealing as effectively as either to some of our strongest needs and most natural instincts.

It has no school as yet; its methods are tentative, and its few masters have been pretty much self-taught. But I think that a method and a school will evolve themselves by degrees—are, perhaps, evolving themselves already.

The quality of black and white illustrations of modern life is immeasurably higher than it was thirty or forty years ago—its average and artistic quality—and it is getting higher day by day. The number of youths who can draw beautifully is quite appalling; one would think they had learnt to

draw before learning to read and write. Why shouldn't they?

Well, all we want, for my little dream to be realized, is that among these precocious wielders of the pencil there should arise here a Dickens, there a Thackeray, there a George Eliot or an Anthony Trollope, who, finding quite early in life that he can draw as easily as other men can spell, that he can express himself, and all that he hears and sees and feels, more easily, more completely, in that way than in any other, will devote himself heart and soul to that form of expression—as I and others have tried to do—but with advantages of nature, circumstances and education that have been denied to us!

Hogarth seems to have come nearer to this ideal pictorial satirist than any of his successors in *Punch* and elsewhere. For he was not merely a light humorist and a genial caricaturist; he dealt also in pathos and terror, in tragic passion and sorrow and crime; he often strikes chords of too deep a tone for the pages of a comic periodical.

But the extent of his productiveness was limited by the method of his production; he was a great painter in oils, and each of his life scenes is an important and elaborate picture, which, moreover, he engraved himself at great cost of time and labor after the original time and labor spent in painting it. It is by these engravings, far more than by his pictures, that he is so widely known.

It is quite possible to conceive a little sketchy wood-cut no larger than a cut in *Punch*, and drawn by a master like Charles Keene, or the German, Adolf Mensel, giving us all the essence of any picture by Hogarth, even more effectively, more agreeably, than any of Hogarth's most finished engravings. And if this had been Hogarth's method of work, instead of some fifty or sixty of these immortal designs, we should have had some five or six thousand! Almost a library!

So much for the great pictorial satir-

ist of the future—of the near future, let us hope—that I have been trying to evolve from my inner consciousness. May some of us live to see him!

From "Social Pictorial Satire." By George du Maurier.

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From The Review of Reviews,  
REAL LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

There is serious work to be done in Alaska and the Northwest Territory—the making of a new world. There are many dissenters from this opinion, but their dissent will only serve the purpose of making all effort more effective, with more forethought and more care. It was much the same when the East first heard of the finding of gold on Captain Sutter's farm in California in 1849. Evidence was produced of the "finds," and the plains and Rockies were cut into wagon roads, while the Indian lurked along the way and took a scalp now and then. This color of danger gave the Eastern press a chance to write lurid pictures of massacres and bloodshed and to place the price of a placer at death, but the "movers' " wagons continued to turn their wheels toward the setting sun, and to-day the fruit of that movement makes the writer of a recent article point with much reason to our Pacific coast as the changing front of the world. In point of fact, many of the men who have made the longest stays in that region are the hardest-looking and finest physical specimens one could well find. One argonaut after another has testified to the tremendous muscular exhilaration experienced in crossing the Chilkoot even with the thermometer at all sorts of numbers below zero. And this is simply natural. The freezing purifies the air they breathe, the cold stirs the blood and muscles to action, the fare is plain but wholesome, and there is that great solitude to feed the soul and that feeling of comradeship—truth to your fellow-man—all of which give health to

the body and mind. There has been an honesty remarked in these first dwellers in the Yukon basin and in the travellers over the passes which is due to the absolute dependence of every man on the other for protection. It was the same in the early days of California, and changed when the government assumed police authority, and was lawless in the extreme while the government was learning how to make the law effective, and it will be the same way on the Yukon, no doubt.

Let no one start out, though, without clearly realizing that the Yukon country is still far from a pleasure resort. The camp life and work of the miner on the Klondike is one of great hardships, the climate and the long winter nights hedging it in with ever-present and harsh limitations. It is a routine of sleep until you wake and work, build fires and cook the brief fare until you sleep. The thermometer goes down to forty or fifty degrees below in January, and sometimes lower, while in the summer-time it will go to one hundred degrees above, and when the mercury is highest the mosquitoes will be the densest. The latter are one of the greatest trials that the pioneer has to encounter, and the most hardened emigrant from the Jersey flats will be surprised at the vicious onslaughts of these little plagues, who have actually been known to drive the deer and bear into the water for shelter.

The wise prospector will pay especial attention to the matter of reaching his destination in time to get comfortably settled and build his house before the long winter sets in. Tents are used for camping until a permanent location is made, and then a "shack," or log hut, generally of one room, is erected. A dirt floor usually answers, and the roof is thatched with boughs, on which is piled mud a foot or two thick; this soon freezes, making a very warm house if the sides of the house are also banked with mud and the logs chinked in the same way.

The best fire is one built on a square piece of masonry two feet high, much

like a blacksmith's forge, and the smoke from this feeds through a pipe, like an inverted funnel, which hangs from the centre of the roof, and is fixed to be raised or lowered. About this fire the miners sit in their idle hours, often the meals are eaten off its edge, and many a game of "California Jack" is played across its corners. This open fire in the centre of the room is an idea probably copied from the natives. The latter not being so sensitive to smoke let it escape through an opening left in the roof, the tepee, or cone-shaped tent of poles and mud, being constructed with the apex of the cone left open for the smoke. The supplies, or sacks of flour, meal, bacon, beans, coffee, salt and the few luxuries, are stored in the same room and jealously guarded. Their shrinking bulk is watched with fear, while the miners declare that the gold is most carelessly hung in bags on pegs behind the door, tied up in the arm of a worn-out shirt, or perhaps filled in the foot of a rubber boot.

Few books reach these camps, and fewer newspapers, as neither government carries anything but "first-class mail matter." But I noticed on the passes last summer that nearly every man had a Bible with him, and I saw a number of copies of Shakespeare. And to the man of thoughtful mind I should think that a few good books, hard to exhaust, would be a food needed as much as bacon and beans. Nansen while on the *Fram* got better work from his men because he gave them the diversion of books and music.

The very best advice that can be given on "outfitting" for a year or two in that land of the long nights, without particularizing, is to take only what is absolutely needed, and be sure that it is of the very highest quality. A good sleeping-bag is worth a dozen a little cheaper; one well-made coat is worth many inferior ones; and so on through the list of clothing, tools and food. If you do decide to cut on quantity, let it be on the clothes.

From "The Rush to the Klondike." By Sam Stone Zush.

From *The Cosmopolitan*.  
SCIENCE AS A PROFESSION.

Among the advantages of following science as a profession we must certainly reckon its undoubted tendency to prolong the lives of its votaries. It is not a little remarkable that men of science, astronomers among them, are particularly long-lived. The average longevity of men is about thirty-three years. Some one has had the patience to determine the average age of some seventeen hundred astronomers and mathematicians, and it turns out to be sixty-four years! That is, astronomers live nearly twice as long as men in general. According to Quetelet, artists have an average life of fifty-nine years; literary men, of sixty-five years; scientific men, of seventy-four years. We are here dealing with selected classes of persons, all of whom are longer-lived than the average, and among them men of science are pre-eminent. The statistics for astronomers are really noteworthy; of one thousand astronomers no less than five hundred and ninety-six lived to be seventy years; two hundred and sixty, from seventy to seventy-nine; one hundred and twenty-six from eighty to eighty-nine; fifteen from ninety to ninety-nine; three over one hundred. According to life-insurance tables, out of one thousand persons who have reached the age of eighteen years only fifty-six reach the age of seventy; but more than ten times that number of astronomers survive.

It is not difficult to assign good reasons why men of science should, in general, live far longer than the average man, or longer than artists, for example. In general they are in possession of incomes which, though they may be small, are tolerably certain. Their lives are usually orderly and calm. Scientific controversies make the blood run quicker sometimes; perhaps they are needed to counteract a tendency to too much contemplation. But I think no one can fail to be surprised at the foregoing statistics. If one desires to live long upon this earth

he is likely to gain his end by following science as a profession.

The pursuit of science is not without its disadvantages also, but these count little to one whose whole mind is made up. Still they are real, and some of them may properly be set down here. In the first place, it is to be remarked that the opportunities for scientific research are, in this country, usually coupled with the obligation to teach. Teaching is a noble profession, but it requires the whole of one's energies. It is nothing short of wonderful to contemplate the positive additions to science that have been made by American teachers. In the older colleges, the hours of lectures are now often arranged so that some time and energy are left for original work. It has not always been so; and it is disheartening to think under what drawbacks and at what cost of energy and health much of our best work has been done. It would be only too easy to cite examples. There are very few positions in which the teaching duties are compatible with a man's best original work, though there is a marked tendency to improvement in this regard.

A subtle thinker among the moderns has well said that the exclusive study of material facts leads to an absolute hatred of life. He goes on to say that "Darwin admitted that 'fact-grinding' had destroyed his imagination and made him 'nauseate Shakespeare.'" Goethe thanked heaven for saving him from the danger he was once in of being shut up in 'the charnel-house of science.' Coleridge spoke gratefully of Boehme and some other poor mystics for helping to keep his heart from being withered by facts." All this, and more, is just where it is applied to men of science who deal "exclusively" with material facts, who dwell continually on surfaces and ignore substance; and there are many examples that might be cited. It is a danger of such exclusive devotion that the imagination is sterilized for excursions in all directions save one.

From "The Choice of a Profession.—II. Science."  
By Edw. S. Holden.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.  
To Mme. Victor Hugo.

Brussels, Sunday, 14th December, 1851. 3 P. M.

I open your letter, dearest, and answer it at once. Do not be uneasy. The *drawings*<sup>1</sup> are in safety. *I have them with me here*, and so I shall be able to go on with my work. I had put them into another portmanteau. I took them with me when I left Paris.

For twelve days I have been betwixt life and death, but I have not had a moment's uneasiness. I have been satisfied with myself. And then I know that I have done my duty, and that I have done it thoroughly. That is a source of satisfaction. I met with complete devotion from those around me. Sometimes my life was at the mercy of ten persons at once. A word might have ruined me, but it was never spoken.

I owe an immense deal to M. and Mme. de M—, whom I mentioned to you. It was they who saved me at the most critical moment. Pay a *very friendly* visit to Mme. de M—. She lives near you, at No. 2, Rue Navarin. Some day I will tell you all that they did for me. In the meanwhile you cannot show yourself too grateful to them. It was all the more meritorious on their part because they are in the other camp, and the service they rendered me *might have seriously compromised them*. Give them credit for all this, and be very nice to Mme. de M— and her husband, who is the best of men. The mere sight of him will make you like him. He is another Abel.<sup>2</sup>

Send me detailed news of my dear children, of my daughter, who must have suffered much. Tell them all to write to me. The poor boys must have been very uncomfortable in prison, owing to the crowding. Has any fresh severity been practiced on them? Write to me about it. I know that you

go to see them every day. Do you still dine with our dear colony?<sup>3</sup>

I am putting up here at the Hotel de la Porte-Verte, room No. 9. I have for neighbor a worthy and courageous refugee representative, Versigny. He has room No. 4. Our doors are close to each other. I lead the life of an anchorite. I have a tiny bed, two straw-bottomed chairs, and no fire. My total expenses amount to three francs a day, everything included. Versigny lives as I do.

Tell my Charles that he must become quite a man. In the days when I carried my life in my hand I thought of him. He might at any moment have become the head of the family, the support of you all. He must think of this.

Live sparingly. Make the money which I left you last a long time. I have enough in prospect to get on here for some months.

Yesterday I saw the Minister of the Interior, M. Ch. Rogier, who paid me a visit in the Rue Jean-Goujon twenty years ago. When I came in I said to him laughingly, "I have come to return your visit."

He was very cordial. I told him that I had a duty, to write the history of what has happened, at once and while it was fresh. As actor, eye-witness and judge, I am the historian for it. *That I could not accept any condition as to residence*. That they might expel me if they chose. That, however, I should only publish this *historical* work on condition of its not aggravating the condition of my sons, who are in the man's power at this moment. He might torture them, in fact.

Let me know your views. If anything from my pen can in any way inconvenience them, I will be silent. In that case I will confine myself to finishing my book "Les Misères" here. Who knows, perhaps this was the only chance of finishing it. We must never accuse or judge Providence. What a

<sup>1</sup> By drawings Victor Hugo meant his manuscripts.

<sup>2</sup> Abel Hugo, the poet's son.

<sup>3</sup> The four prisoners in the Conciergerie.



blessing, for instance, that my sons were in prison during the events of the 3d and the 4th!

Mr. Rogier told me that if I published this work now my presence might be a serious embarrassment to Belgium—a small state with a powerful and overbearing neighbor. I said: "In that case, if I decide to publish it, I will go to London."

We parted good friends. He offered me some shirts. I certainly need some. I have no clothes nor linen. Take my empty portmanteau and put my things in it—my new stocking trousers, my trousers that are not new, my old grey ones, my coat, my big frogged surtout—the hood of which you will find on the carved bench—and my new shoes. Besides the pair at home, I ordered another of Kuhn, my bootmaker, in the Rue de Valois, three weeks ago. Get them and pay for them (eighteen francs), and put them in the portmanteau.

Padlock the trunk. I will let you know later on how you are to send it to me.

Perhaps it will be advisable for you to come here for a few days, to settle a number of matters of importance, which it is impossible to write about. If you agree, we will discuss it in our next letters.

I must close; the post is going. I seem to have forgotten a great many things. Dearest, I know that you have been full of courage and dignity in these terrible days. Go on as you have begun. You win the respect of all. Let me know about Victor's and Adèle's health. As for Charles, he is made of iron.

Give them all my best love, and press the generous hands of Auguste and of Paul Meurice.

My fondest love to you. Do not forget the visit to the M——'s.

To Mme. Victor Hugo.

Brussels, Sunday morning, 28th December, 1851.

Dumas is going to Paris, and undertakes to deliver this letter to you. Dearest, I hope that you are all well

there. I shall, perhaps, find some of your letters at the post to-day, and it will be a great joy to me in my solitude. There is nothing new here. Yesterday morning, however, I had a visit from two gendarmes. They laid their hands on me a little; very civilly, though. They just conducted me to the *procureur du roi*. They went so far as to march me to the police, to give an explanation of my *forged passport*. The whole thing ended by quasi apologies on their part, by a laugh from me, and good-evening. The Opposition papers here wanted to make a fuss about it. I thought this unnecessary. At heart this government is afraid of the man of the *coup d'état*, and we must not find fault with it for worrying the refugees a little. I forgive them, but the proceedings are none the less very Belgian—very *welche*, as Voltaire says.

Perhaps it will be feasible to make some arrangement here by which the Belgian booksellers would agree not to pirate the book. It is a great idea. Overtures have been made to me. We shall see what will come of it.

I am working hard at those notes.<sup>1</sup> What a pity that it cannot be published in that form! Well, we shall see what can be done in that direction, too.

Love me, all of you—Charles, Victor, Auguste, Paul Meurice, my four sons, as I call them. I hope that all these dear prisoners are well. Tell my beloved Adèle to write me a nice little letter, as he did the other day.

Dumas urges me to close my letter. I embrace you all, and I look forward to the day when I shall no longer do it on paper.

To Mme. Victor Hugo.

Brussels Tuesday, 30th December, 1851.

First and foremost, dearest, do not be uneasy. Mme. Faillet brought me your letter this morning to my inn; but Dumas must have delivered you mine yesterday. By this time you must know what has taken place. A slight annoy-

<sup>1</sup> The history of the 2d of December, which Victor Hugo had decided to write on his arrival.



ance, nothing more, and at the present moment I believe it is completely at an end. Moreover, everybody here shows me the warmest sympathy. It comes from all sides and all parties at once. This morning, when I was lunching at the table I have spoken of, M. de Perseval, the leader of the democratic opposition in the Belgian Chamber, and M. Deschamps, the leader of the Catholic opposition, were sitting near me. Both of them made me a cordial offer of their services. M. Deschamps, who has been minister twice, spoke to me about that little passport affair, and told me that he would intervene in case of need; but that I might consider myself as defended by every one here. He said to me: "There are many who hate you, but everybody honors you."

I believe, in fact, that for the moment I can remain here in perfect safety. In any event, set your mind at rest: England is only a step from here.

Yes, we must consider about the furniture. But, while taking precautions, we must not give way to panic. *They will think twice* before they confiscate my furniture, my rights as an author, and my allowance from the Institute. That would do them more harm than me. So calm yourself, dearest, while keeping a good lookout, however.

I am more popular here than I thought. Yesterday, at a printers' dinner, they drank the health of the three men who personify the struggle against despotism—Mazzini, Kossuth, Victor Hugo.

I have only space for a couple of lines more. Fondest love to you all. Charlie, Victor, Adèle, I kiss you on your six cheeks. Write to me.

To Mme. Victor Hugo.

Brussels, 31st December, 1851.

Dearest,—M. Boursin, who will give you this letter, is the editor of the *Moniteur*, of Belgium. Give him your warmest reception. He is a very distinguished man, with a mind above the common, and a noble heart. He is at one with all our ideas; and his wife,

who is witty and charming, also resembles you in enthusiasm and belief in the future and progress.

I send you an article of the *Messenger des Chambres* here on the incident which had alarmed you. This will set your mind quite at rest. In spite of this little matter, I am perfectly satisfied with the reception given to me here.

To-day the year closes on a great ordeal for us all—our two sons in prison and me in exile. That is hard, but good. A little frost improves the crop. As for me, I thank God.

To-morrow, New Year's Day, I shall not be there to embrace you all, my loved ones. But I shall think of you. All my feelings will go out towards you. I shall be in Paris, in the Conciergerie. Talk about me at this family and prison dinner, which I am so sorry to miss; I fancy I shall hear you.

Thank you for the journal which you are keeping for me. I believe it will be very useful, for you see a side of things which escapes me.

Thank Béranger, and send my compliments to Berryer. I shall be delighted to read what Béranger said.

Here I have abundance of information. I am almost as much surrounded as in Paris. This morning I had a gathering of old representatives and ex-ministers in my den of the Porte-Verte, where I still am.

A confidential letter from Louis Blanc has been brought me. They are going to start a weekly paper in London in French. The committee will consist of three Frenchmen, three Germans, and three Italians. I am to be one of the three Frenchmen, with Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux. What do you say to that? We might make a great fight against the Bonaparte. But I am afraid that it will recoil on our poor, dear prisoners. Let me know your views on this point. But be very careful in speaking about it to anybody. *Secrecy is demanded of me.*

Schoelcher arrived this evening, disguised as a priest. I have not seen him yet. The other night I was asleep, and

was awakened. It was de Flotte, coming into my room with an advocate from Ghent. He had shaved off his beard. I did not know him. I like de Flotte very much. He is a worthy fellow and a thinker. We talked together for part of the night. Like me, he is full of courage and faith in God.

I embrace you tenderly, my poor dear wife and my beloved children. My fondest love to you. Good-by for the present, Charles. Dearest, give Auguste and Paul Meurice a warm shake of the hand. Give my respects to Mme. Paul Meurice. What a happy time you must all still have together in that prison! How I should like to be with you and with them!

From "The Letters of Victor Hugo—From Exile and After the Fall of the Empire." Edited by Paul Meurice. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$3.00.

#### PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS.

About ten on the morning of the 3d of November of that year, eight gentlemen of the first rank in England were assembled in the gallery at Kensington, awaiting a summons to the king's closet. With the exception of Lord Godolphin, who had resigned his office three days earlier, all belonged to the party in power, notwithstanding which, a curious observer might have detected in their manner and intercourse an air of reserve and constraint, unusual among men at once so highly placed, and of the same opinions. A little thought, however, and a knowledge of the business which brought them together, would have explained the cause of this.

While the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Dorset and Lord Portland formed a group apart, it was to be noticed that Lords Marlborough and Godolphin and Admiral Russel, who seemed to fall naturally into a second group—and though the movements of the company constantly left them together—never suffered this arrange-

ment to last; but either effected a temporary change, by accosting the Lord Keeper or Mr. Secretary Trumball, or through the medium of Sir Edward Russell's loud voice and boisterous manners wrought a momentary fusion of the company.

"By the Eternal, I am the most unlucky fellow," the admiral cried, addressing the whole company, on one of these occasions. "If Sir John had lied about me only, I should have given it him back in his teeth, and so fair and square; it is a poor cook does not know his own batch. But because he drags in the duke, and the duke chooses to get the fantods, and shirks him, I stand the worse!"

"Sir Edward," said Lord Dorset, speaking gravely and in a tone of rebuke, "No one supposes that the Duke of Shrewsbury is aught but ill. And, allow me to say that, under the circumstances, you are unwise to put it on him."

"But d—n me, he has no right to be ill!" cried the seaman, whose turbulent spirit was not easily put down. "If he were here, I would say the same to his face. And that is flat!"

He was proceeding with more, but at that moment the door of the royal closet was thrown open, and a gentleman usher appeared, inviting them to enter. "My lords and gentlemen," he said, "his Majesty desires you to be seated, as at the council. He will be presently here."

The movement into the next room being made, the conversation took a lower tone, each speaking only to his neighbor; one, discussing the king's crossing and the speed of his new yacht, another the excellent health and spirits in which his Majesty had returned; until a door at the lower end of the room being opened, a murmur of voices and stir of feet were heard, and after a moment's delay, Sir John Fenwick entered, a prisoner, and with a somewhat dazed air advanced to the foot of the table.

The lord steward rose and gravely bowed to him; and this courtesy, in

which he was followed by all except the admiral, was returned by the prisoner.

"Sir John," said the Duke of Devonshire, "the king will be presently here."

"I am obliged to your grace," Fenwick answered, and stood waiting.

His gaunt form, clothed in black, his face always stern and now haggard, his eyes—in which pride and fanaticism at one moment overcame and at another gave place to the look of a hunted beast—these things would have made him a pathetic figure at any time and under any circumstances. How much more when those who gazed on him knew that he stood on the brink of death! and knew, too, that within a few moments he must meet the prince whom for years he had insulted and defied, and in whose hands his fate now lay!

That some, less interested in the matter than others, harbored such thoughts, the looks of grave compassion which Lords Devonshire and Dorset cast on him seemed to prove. But their reflections—which, doubtless, carried them back to a time when the most brilliant and cynical of courtiers played the foremost part in the Whitehall of the Restoration—these, no less than the mutterings and restless movements of Russell, who, in his enemy's presence, could scarcely control himself, were cut short by the king's entrance.

He came in unannounced, and very quietly, at a door behind the lord steward; and all rising to their feet, he bade them in a foreign accent, "Good-day," adding immediately, "Be seated, my lords. My lord steward, we will proceed."

His entrance and words, abrupt, if not awkward, lacked alike the grace which all remembered in Charles, and the gloomy majesty which the second James had at his command. And men felt the lack. Yet, as he took his stand, one hand lightly resting on the back of the lord steward's chair, the stooping, sombre figure and fallow, withered face staring out of its great peruque had a dignity of their own. For it could not be forgotten that he

was that which no Stuart king of England had ever been—a soldier and commander from boyhood, at home in all the camps of Flanders and the Rhine, familiar with every peril of battle and breach; at his ease anywhere, where other men blenched and drew back. And the knowledge that this was so invested him with a certain awe and grandeur even in the eyes of courtiers. On this day he wore a black sult, relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; and as he stood he let his chin sink so low on his breast that his eyes, which could on occasion shine with a keen and almost baleful light, were hidden.

The lord steward, in obedience to his command, was about to address Sir John, when the king, with a brusqueness characteristic of him, intervened. "Sir John," he said, in a harsh, dry voice, and speaking partly in French, partly in English, "your papers are altogether unsatisfactory. Instead of giving us an account of the plots formed by you and your accomplices, plots of which all the details must be exactly known to you, you tell us stories without authority, without date, without place, about noblemen and gentlemen, with whom you do not pretend to have any intercourse. In short, your confession appears to be a contrivance, intended to screen those who are really engaged in designs against us, and to make me suspect and discard those in whom I have good reason to place confidence. If you look for any favor from me, therefore, you will give me this moment, and on this spot, a full and straightforward account of what you know of your own knowledge. And—but do you tell him the rest, my lord."

"Sir John," said the lord steward in a tone serious and compassionate, "his Majesty invites your confidence, and will, for good reasons, show you his favor. But you must deserve it. And it is his particular desire that you conclude nothing from the fact that you are admitted to see him."

"On the contrary," said the king,

dryly, "I see you, sir, for the sake of my friends. If, therefore, you can substantiate the charges you have made, it behooves you to do it. Otherwise to make a full and free confession of what you do know."

"Sir," said Sir John hoarsely, speaking for the first time, "I stand here worse placed than any man ever was. For I am tried by those whom I accuse."

The king slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*Fallait penser là*, when you accused them," he muttered.

Sir John cast a fierce, despairing glance along the table, and seemed to control himself with difficulty. At length, "I can substantiate nothing against three of those persons," he said; whereon some of these who listened breathed more freely.

"And that is all, sir, that you have to say?" said the king, ungraciously; and as if he desired only to cut short the scene.

"All," said Sir John firmly, "against those three persons. But as to the fourth, the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is not here—"

The king could not suppress an exclamation of contempt. "You may spare us that fable, sir," he said. "It would not deceive a child, much less one who holds the duke high in his esteem."

Sir John drew himself to his full height, and looked along the table, his gloomy eyes threatening. "And yet that fable I can prove, sir," he said. "That I can substantiate, sir. To that I have a witness, and a witness above suspicion! If I prove that, sir, shall I have your Majesty's favor?"

"Perfectly," said the king, shrugging his shoulders, amid a general thrill and movement; for though rumors had gone abroad, by no means the whole of Sir John's case was known, even to some at the table. "Prove it! Prove that, sir, and not a hair of your head shall fall. You have my promise."

However, before Sir John could answer, Mr. Secretary Trumball rose in his place and intervened. "I crave

your indulgence, sir," he said, "while, with your Majesty's permission, I call in the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is in waiting."

"In waiting," said the king, in a voice of surprise; nor was the surprise confined to him, "I thought that he was ill, Mr. Secretary."

"He is so ill, sir, as to be very unfit to be abroad," the secretary answered. "Yet he came to be in readiness, if your Majesty needed him. Sir John Fenwick persisting, I ask your Majesty's indulgence while I fetch him."

The king nodded, but with a pinched and dissatisfied face; and Sir William, retiring, in a moment returned with the duke. At his entrance, his Majesty greeted him dryly, and with a hint of displeasure in his manner; thinking probably that this savored too much of a *coup de théâtre*, a thing he hated. But seeing the next instant, and before the secretary took his seat, how ill the duke looked, his face betrayed signs of disturbance; after which, his eyelids drooping, it fell into the dull and sphinx-like mould which it assumed when he did not wish his thoughts to be read by those about him.

That the duke's pallor and wretched appearance gave rise to suspicion in other minds in equally certain; the more hardy of those present, such as my Lord Marlborough and the admiral, being aware that nothing short of guilt, and the immediate prospect of detection, could so change themselves. And while some felt a kind of admiration, as they conned and measured the stupendous edifice of skilful deceit which my lord had so long and perfectly concealed behind a front of brass as to take in all the world, others were already busied with the effect it would have on the party, and how this might be softened, and that explained, and in a word another man substituted with as little shock as possible for this man. Nor were these emotions at all weakened when my lord, after saluting the king, took his seat, without speaking or meeting the general gaze.

"Now, sir," said the king impatiently,

when all was quiet again, "the duke is here. Proceed."

"I will," Sir John answered with greater hardness than he had yet used, "I have simply to repeat to his face what I have said behind his back: that on the 10th of last June, in the evening, he met me at Ashford, in Kent, and gave me a ring and a message, bidding me carry both with me to St. Germain's."

My lord looked slowly round the table; then at Sir John. And it startled some to see that he had compassion in his face.

"Sir John," he said—after, as it seemed, weighing the words he was about to speak, "you are in such a position, it were barbarous to insult you. But you must needs, as you have accused me before his Majesty and these gentlemen, hear me state, also before them, that there is not a word of truth in what you say."

Sir John stared at him and breathed hard. "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed at length. And his voice sounded sincere.

"I was not at Ashford on the 10th of June," the duke continued with dignity, "or on any day in that month. I never saw you there, and I gave you no ring."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Sir John muttered again; and, his gaze fallen, he seemed to be unable to take his eyes off the other.

Now it is certain that whatever the majority of those present thought of this—and the demeanor of the two men was so steadfast that even Lord Marlborough's acumen was at fault—the king's main anxiety was to be rid of the matter, and with some impatience he tried to put a stop to it at this point. "Is it worth while to carry this farther, my lords?" he said fretfully. "We know our friends. We know our enemies, also. This is a story *pour rire*, and deserving only of contempt."

But Sir John at that cried out, protesting bitterly and fiercely, and recalling the king's promise, and the duke being no less urgent—though as some thought a little unseasonably for his own interests—that the matter be sifted to the bottom, the king had no

option but to let it go on. "Very well," he said ungraciously. "if he will have his witness let him." And then, with one of those spirits of peevishness, with stood in strange contrast with his wonted magnanimity, he added, to the Duke of Shrewsbury, "It is your own choice, my lord. Don't blame me."

The querulous words bore a meaning which all recognized; and some at the table started, and resumed the calculation how they should trim their sails in a certain event. But nothing ever became the duke better than the manner in which he received that insinuation. "Be it so, sir," he said with spirit. "My choice and desire is that Sir John have as full a share of justice as I claim for myself, and as fair a hearing. Less than that were inconsistent with your Majesty's prerogative and my honor."

The king's only answer was a sulky and careless nod. On which Sir William Trumball, after whispering to the prisoner, went out, and after a brief delay, which seemed to many at the table long enough, returned with Matthew Smith.

From "Shrewsbury." By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.

#### MERCEDES.

When Alfonso had reigned three years, it became an object of primary importance that he should be married. Ministers, cortes and people debated the matter eagerly, but Alfonso's own mind in that matter was made up.

The second daughter of the Duke de Montpensier and of his aunt Luisa Fernanda de Borbon was named Maria de las Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy. She was now about eighteen. Alfonso had been the bosom friend of her beloved brother and playfellow, Don Ferdinand, and had seen much of Mercedes when, as a little boy in France, he was almost daily with his cousins. From a very early age he had declared that



little Mercedes and no other should be his wife.

The Montpensier children had been strictly and carefully brought up, and Mercedes must have been one of the race of child-angels. She was sent, when about fifteen, to the school of the Sacré Cœur near Paris; and a very interesting article describing her school-days, written by one of her school-fellows, was published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1878.

Several ladies were proposed by the ministers of Alfonso as his bride, but his heart clung to Mercedes. It was represented to him that she would not be acceptable to the Spanish nation; that her father, the Duke de Montpensier, was not popular; that she in short was *afrancesada*—but he was firmly resolved to marry his beloved cousin.

According to Spanish court etiquette, there was no possible chance for any word in private passing between the lovers, but they understood and trusted each other. The lady at the head of Alfonso's court was his widowed sister, Doña Maria del Pilar, who had married a nobleman of Naples, and was now, as her brother's presumptive heiress, Princess of the Asturias. The lady in waiting on the princess was her dear friend and ex-gouvernante, Madame Calderon de la Barca. The princess and this lady sympathized in the young people's affection. They contrived a country party, at which Mercedes was present. Alfonso manoeuvred to separate his cousin and Madame Calderon from the rest, and getting them into a carriage whispered in German to Mercedes, "Let them say what they will, I will marry none but you." She laid her finger on her lips and looked up at him archly; that was all.

Finding the king determined, his ministers and his parliament gave way. Ten happy days the lovers spent at Seville, seeing each other daily. Mercedes was with her parents. Alfonso and his sister were lodged in the Alcazar, "where," says Madame Calderon, "I thought I should have died of

the cold, but I heard no complaint from the lovers."

Who does not love a lover? All Spain grew interested in the story. As Mercedes came to be known, she endeared herself to her people.

The wedding took place in January, 1878. All Madrid was festive and sympathetic. The wedding presents were superb. Queen Victoria sent a splendid bracelet of diamonds to the bride. The Prince of Wales sent a scimitar, in a sheath studded with jewels, to the bridegroom. The Emperor of Morocco sent Arab horses.

The procession to the church was very splendid, and the young king and queen returned together in a carriage panelled with glass, and drawn by eight milk-white horses. The whole city was hung with rich tapestries and displayed everywhere the royal colors of Spain, crimson and gold.

Of course there were bull-fights to celebrate the occasion. Before the combats of the day began, the *matadors* rode as knights in a splendid procession round the arena, the *picadors* attending them as pages. It may have taken considerable nerve for Mercedes to sit with composure through the spectacle; but it was part of her royal duty, and she did not shrink from it.

She was married on the twenty-third of January; she had five brief months of unclouded happiness, and then came the end. She was prostrated by gastric fever.

We bow to the love and the wisdom that sends such catastrophes; and yet I can never think of Mercedes' death without remembering the lines of Coleridge:—

Besides—what grieved us most—we knew  
They had no need of such as you

In the place where you were going.  
On earth are angels all too few,

While Heaven is overflowing.

Between husband and wife there had been love—deep, simple and sincere. The warm, generous disposition of Alfonso, and the calm, serene, confiding character of his bride, animated, how-



ever, by a natural bright mirthfulness, seemed to promise a long life of domestic happiness; for Mercedes had the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Spain had witnessed little married happiness among her rulers.

She died, sweet, loving and beloved Mercedes, with all the world so bright about her, on June 25, 1878.

To the last her husband hung over her bed, calling upon her name, "Mercedes! Mercedes mia!" To the last her eyes were turned on him with love. He said to one who saw him a few days after her death, that for him there was no consolation, but that he would do his duty.

From the windows of his palace he watched the funeral train departing for the royal burial-place at the Escorial. Long after it had left, he remained steadily looking in the direction it had taken.

Here is a sonnet written by Lord Rosslyn, who was appointed ambassador extraordinary by Queen Victoria to the court of Spain on the occasion of the marriage.

"It was written," says its author, "with tears."

Mercedes mia! turn thine eyes away;  
I have no power to grant thy longing  
prayer;  
Their mute appeal is more than I can  
bear.  
Could I but snatch thee from Death's  
cruel sway  
God knows how gladly I would give this  
day  
My life for thine. For whom have I  
to care  
When thou art gone? The darkness of  
despair  
Clouds all my heart with terror and  
dismay.  
Mercedes mia! I am brave once more!  
Turn thy dear eyes on me until they  
close  
Forever. I will look love into thine  
Till death arrests their sight. What! is  
all o'er?  
Then farewell hope, and farewell sweet  
repose.  
Now duty's rugged path be only mine!  
And soon, alas! for Alfonso, came the

bitter day when duty to his people called on him to make a second marriage.

In Queen Victoria's journal, seventeen years before, she wrote, as she recorded the death of King Pedro of Portugal, who not long before had lost his beloved wife Stephanie, "Dear, loving, pure-souled Pedro! At least he was spared that sorrow of knowing it incumbent on him to make a second marriage."

But all Spain felt that the land must have, if possible, a prince to mount his father's throne. So one of the ladies who at first had been proposed for Alfonso was chosen, the Archduchess Maria Christina, niece of Francis Joseph, the emperor of Austria. She was tall, fair, sensible and well educated.

She was married by proxy to Alfonso in the summer of 1879, and came as queen into his kingdom. Their first child, a little daughter, was named Mercedes, a touching tribute to the memory of her whose loss could never be forgotten.

From "Spain in the Nineteenth Century." By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$2.50.

#### IN AFTER YEARS.

Four o'clock brought the cab, and they drove down the long hills, looking back often for a final glimpse of the waving grass and the grey stones. As they turned a sharp corner and lost sight of the old fort, Mary Leonard glanced furtively at her companion. Her own eyes for the second time that day were not quite clear, and she was not sorry to detect an added wistfulness in Lucy Eastman's gaze.

"Lucy," said she, and her voice shook a little, "I'm tired."

"So am I," murmured Lucy.

"And I don't ever remember to have been tired after a picnic at the old fort before."

"No more do I," said Lucy; and it was

a moment before their sadness, as usual, trembled into laughter.

"Lucy Eastman," said Mary Leonard, suddenly, "this is the street that old Miss Pinsett used to live on—lives on, I mean. What do you say? Shall we stop and see Miss Pinsett?" The dimples had come back again, and her eyes danced.

Lucy caught her breath.

"Oh, Mary, if only she—" her sentence was left unfinished.

"I'll find out," said Mary Leonard, and put her head out of the window. "Driver," she called out, "stop at Miss Pinsett's."

The driver nodded and drove on, and she sank back, pleased with her own temerity.

The cab stopped in front of the same square white house, with the cupola, and the same great trees in the front yard. Mary Leonard and Lucy Eastman clasped each other's hands in silent delight as they walked up the box-bordered path.

"Tell Miss Pinsett that Lucy Eastman and—Mary Greenleaf have come to see her," they said to the elderly, respectable maid. Then they went into the dim, shaded parlor and waited. There were the old piano and the Japanese vases, and the picture of Washington which they had always laughed at because he looked as if he were on stilts and could step right across the Delaware, and they could hear their hearts beat, for there was a rustle outside the door—old Miss Pinsett's gowns always rustled—and it opened.

"Why, girls!" exclaimed old Miss Pinsett as she glided into the room.

Mary Leonard and Lucy Eastman declared, then and afterward, that she wasn't a day older than when they said good-by to her thirty-five years ago. She wore the same grey curls and the same kind of cap. Also, they both declared that this was the climax, and that they should have wept aloud if it had not been so evident that to Miss Pinsett there was nothing in the meeting but happiness and good fortune, so they did not.

"Why, girls," said old Miss Pinsett

again, clasping both their hands, "how glad I am to see you, and how well you are both looking!"

Then she insisted on their laying off their things, and they laid them off because they always had when she asked them.

"You've grown stout, Mary Greenleaf," said old Miss Pinsett.

"I know I have," she answered, "and I'm not Mary Greenleaf, though I sent that name up to you—I'm Mary Leonard."

"I wondered if neither of you were married."

"I'm a widow, Miss Pinsett," said Mary Leonard soberly. "My husband only lived three years."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" said Miss Pinsett, patting her hand, and then she looked at the other.

"I'm Lucy Eastman still," she said; "just the same Lucy Eastman."

"And a very good thing to be, too," said Miss Pinsett, nodding her delicate old head kindly. "But," and she scanned her face, "but, now that I look at you, not quite the same Lucy Eastman—not quite the same."

"Older and plainer," she sighed.

"Of all the nonsense!" exclaimed old Miss Pinsett. "You're not quite so shy, that's all, my dear."

"I'm shy now," asserted Lucy.

"Very likely, but not quite so shy as you were, for all that. Don't tell me! I've a quick eye for changes, and so I can see changes in you two when it may be another wouldn't."

Before the excitement of her welcome had been subdued into mere gladness, there was a discreet tap at the door, and the respectable maid came in with a tray of sherry-glasses and cake. Mary Leonard and Lucy Eastman looked at each other brimming over with smiles. It was the same kind of cake, and might have been cut off the same loaf.

"Never any cake like yours," said Mary Leonard.

"I remember you like my cake," said old Miss Pinsett, smiling; "take a bigger piece, child."

They wanted to know many things

about the people and the town, all of which Miss Pinsett could tell them.

"But we must go," exclaimed Mary Leonard at last, rising and taking up her bonnet. "Oh, no, thank you, we must not stay, Miss Pinsett; we are going to-morrow, and we are tired with all the pleasure of to-day, and we have so much—so much to talk over. We shall talk all night, as we used to, I am afraid."

"But before you go, girls," said Miss Pinsett, laying a fragile, white, slender hand on each, "you must sing for me some of the songs you used to sing—you know some very pretty duets."

Mary Leonard and Lucy Eastman paused, amazed, and looked into each other's faces in dismay. Sing?—had they ever sung duets? They had not sung a note for years, except in church.

"But I don't know any songs, Miss Pinsett," stammered Mary Leonard.

"I have forgotten all I ever knew," echoed Lucy Eastman.

"No excuses, now—no excuses! You were always great for excuses, but you would always sing for me. I want 'County Guy,' to begin with."

By a common impulse the visitors moved slowly towards the piano; they would try, at least, since Miss Pinsett wanted them to. Lucy seated herself and struck a few uncertain chords. Possibly the once familiar room, Mary Leonard at her side, Miss Pinsett listening in her own high-backed chair, the scent of the mignonette in the blue bowl—possibly one or all of these things brought back the old tune.

Ah, County Guy,  
The hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea.

The sweet, slender voice floated through the room, and Mary Leonard's deeper contralto joined and strengthened it.

"Now, I will have 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,'" said Miss Pinsett, quite as if it were a matter of course. And they sang "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." It was during the last verse that the parlor door opened softly, and a tall, fine-looking man, erect, with beautiful

silver curling hair, and firm lines about the handsome, clean-shaven mouth, appeared on the threshold and stood waiting. As the singing finished, Miss Pinsett shook her head at him.

"You were always coming in and breaking up the singing, Tom Endover," she said.

The two women left the piano and came forward.

"You used to know Mary Greenleaf—she's Mrs. Leonard now—and Lucy Eastman, Tom," she went on.

Apparently Mr. Endover was not heeding the introduction, but was coming towards them with instant recognition and outstretched hand. They often discussed afterward if he would have known them without Miss Pinsett. Mary Leonard thought he would, but Lucy Eastman did not always agree with her.

"You don't have to tell me who they are," he said, grasping their hands cordially. "Telling Tom Endover who Mary Greenleaf and Lucy Eastman are, indeed!" There was a mingling of courteous deference and frank, not to be repressed, good comradeship in his manner which was delightful. Mary Leonard's dimples came and went, and delicate waves of color flowed and ebbed in Lucy Eastman's soft cheeks.

"I'm too old always to remember that there's no telling a United States senator anything," retorted Miss Pinsett, with a keen glance from her dimmed but penetrating eyes.

"As to that, I don't believe I'd ever have been a United States senator if it wasn't for what you've told me, Miss Pinsett," laughed Endover. "I'm always coming here to be taken down, Mary," he went on; "she does it just as she used to."

Mary Leonard caught her breath a little at the sound of her Christian name, but "I didn't know there was any taking you down, Tom Endover," she retorted before she thought; and they all laughed.

From "A Christmas Accident and Other Stories."  
By Annie Elliott Trumbull A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.00.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Allegories. By Frederic W. Farrar. Longmans, Green and Co., Publishers.
- Australian Literature, The Development of. By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. Longmans, Green and Co., Publishers.
- Berkshire, The Flora of. By George Claridge Druce, Hon. M.A. Clarendon Press.
- Celebrities, Social Hours with. Vols. III. and IV. of "Gossip of the Century." By the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne. Ward & Downey, Publishers.
- China, Through, with a Camera. By John Thomson, F.R.G.S. Archibald Constable & Co., Publishers.
- Composer, A Christian: Notes toward the Study of Joseph Haydn. By W. W. Hadow. Seeley & Co., Publishers.
- Duchesses, The Two: Family Correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire; the Earl of Bristol and Countess of Bristol; Lord and Lady Byron; and many Eminent Personages of the Period 1777-1859. Edited by Vere Foster. Blackie & Son, Publishers.
- Egypt, The Story of the Church of. By E. L. Butcher. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- Famous Scots Series: James Thomson. By William Bayne. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Publishers.
- Flower-Hunter, A, in Queensland and New Zealand. By Mrs. Rowan. John Murray, Publisher.
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- Hebrews, The Early History of the. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. Rivingtons, Publishers.
- Hernani: A Drama. By Victor Hugo. Translated into English Verse by R. Farquharson Sharp. Grant Richards, Publisher.
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- Scotland, The Highlands of. From Manuscript 104 in the King's Library, British Museum. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green and Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Tales in Prose and Verse. By David Christie Murray. Chatto & Windus, Publishers.
- Transatlantic Traits. By the Hon. Martin Morris. Elliot Stock, Publisher.
- Two Thousand Miles of Wandering in the Border Country. By Edmund Bogg. Edmund Bogg, Publisher.
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